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The Psalms of Israel in rhymed English metre

Melancthon
Woolsey Stryker

453.2
1915

Harvard Divinity School
Bible. D.T.



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THE PSALMS OF ISRAEL

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Bible. O.T. Psalms. Paraphrases. 1915. Stryker

THE
PSALMS
OF
ISRAEL

IN RHYMED ENGLISH METRE BY
MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER
PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE



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453.2

1915

(Widener)

MANY men, in many times, have taken in hand to set the Hebrew lyrics into English verse for the uses of common worship. Not without a sense of presumption this is here attempted yet again: but yesterday is always calling tomorrow and the undiminishable impulse of those ancient chords must plead pardon for these echoes. Would that these were in far better liking!

Of the history of the main English Psalters, down from John Daye, in 1562, and of the numerous and diverse authors of single numbers, Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, ample and exact, is the best compendium. For contrast of his theory, the long preface of Isaac Watts to his *Psalms* (1719) is worth observing. But the literature of the subjects is too vast for a mere preface.

One may well assume that the Psalms as we have them preserve but a selection from a far larger lyrical total: but, with whatever variety of inspirational value, these that remain utter the deepest religious feeling of Israel. Their theme is the yearning of the innermost soul toward the Author of Life. With their universal element of awe and of hope, the genius and grandeur of the greater Psalms furnish an immortal type and pattern for all after hymnody. They lead the choir.

But from the spirit of a lesser few we thankfully escape. Christian lips cannot appropriate phrases, too frequent, whose barbaric temper is utterly alien from that New Covenant which forbids every merely tribal conception of God and all the fallacies of revengeful hate. It is in the terrific 109th that invective goes to the limit! However, honest entirety must unflinchingly incorporate even these sombre dissonances, which also are profoundly instructive and deterrent.

These transcripts intend close adherence to the very ideas of the Psalm-Book, without addition or distinct omission. Some of the numbers are much condensed: but only a few will show an unliteral freedom, or expansion.

The themes and moods of the songs themselves are often self-repeating: but such reiteration must appear wherever great thoughts wheel about one centre. Feeling must traverse itself. Sincerity does not demand continual modulation into remote keys. Lofty passion is intensive in its very tautology. The whole spirit of the Hebrew chorales was antiphonal. Fidelity to them therefore involves frequent recurrence of phrase and term. Such words as 'good,' 'holy,' 'exalted,' 'wonderful,' 'praise,' 'blessing,' 'love,' 'covenant,' need not cloy, when one remembers that these adoring ascriptions are the substance of the whole great book and bind its unity.

As to the prosody, 'equivalent feet' are recognized, tho sparingly. Assonance, for rhyme, is legitimate enough or even excellent: but it is infrequent in these verses. Nearly every Psalm has been metred with some particular tune in mind and with purpose somewhat to avoid the monotony of the 'ballad measure.' In this matter the augmented musical wealth of modern days has been remembered.

M. W. S.

SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE
ENGLISH PSALTERS WERE THESE:

John Daye, 1562.
Sir Philip Sidney (d 1586) and his sister
Mary.
Sternhold and Hopkins, c. 1550.
George Wither, 1619.
George Sandys, 1636.
Francis Rous, 1641.
Tate and Brady, 1696.
Isaac Watts, 1719.
James Montgomery, 1822.
Henry F. Lyte, 1834.
John Keble, 1839.

The *New Rendering* (non-metrical) by
John DeWitt, 1884, is importantly precise.

Perowne's Commentary (4th edn, 1878)
is minutely exegetical.

All that can be said in advocacy of the
exclusive use of the Psalter in public praise
is assembled in "*The Psalms in Worship*,"
issued by the United Presbyterian Board of
Publication, Pittsburgh, 1907.

THE PSALMS

I

BEST is that man who never strays
Where evil counsels meet,
Nor standeth in with sinful ways,
Nor shares the scoffer's seat.

In God's good law is his delight,—
Tree in alluvial land,—
Thereon he pondereth day and night,
So all he doth shall stand.

He withereth not. Wind whirls the dust,
The wicked are distrest:
But in the assembly of the just
He whom God knows is blest.

II

WHY do the nations storm in vain
And muttering princes frown?—
*“Let us now burst God's bonds in twain
And cast Messiah down!”*

From Heaven's high throne the Lord derides,
His wrath dismay doth bring,—
*“Zion, My holy mount, abides,
There I have set My King.”*

I will proclaim the Lord's decree,
Who said—“**THOU ART MY SON;**
I this day have begotten Thee;
Ask and it shall be done.”

*“Earth's utmost bounds to Thee shall bend,
Thy sceptre rule in strength,
Pride into potsherds Thou shalt rend!”*
Ye kings be wise at length!

Jehovah serve with trembling joy,—
This Son exalted high,—
Hide in Him ere His wrath destroy
And kiss Him lest ye die!

III

GOD, how my foes upon me roll,
How many rise to trouble me,
How many say against my soul
That I will find no help in Thee!

But Thou, Jehovah, art my shield,
Thy glory lifteth up my head,
To Thee my voice hath long appealed,
Thou from high Heaven hast answer said.

When down I lie in slumber drear,
Or wake, God will for me prevail;
Not all the myriads will I fear
That me on every side assail.

Arise, Jehovah, for my life!
Smite in this gnashing enmity;
With Thee there is release from strife.
Thy blessing on Thy people be.

IV

WHEN I call answer me, my God, Thou Righteous One,
In my distress Thou hast set me at large;
Pity me, heed me, let none shame my glorying,
From man's vain falsehoods my soul discharge.

Know ye God keepeth apart His beloved ones,
Listening, while hushed in the twilights they pray,
Bidding them trust Him in pure sacrifices,
Silencing lips that deny His way.

Lord, lift upon us the light of Thy countenance;
My heart its harvests of gladness would tell.
In peace I lay me down softly to slumbering,
Secure in solitude Thou mak'st me dwell.

GIVE ear, Jehovah, heed my low estate.
 Answer my cry for help, my God, my King!
 At dawn I call Thee and Thy coming wait,
 My heart keeps watch to make its offering.

For Thou art not a God that pleasures sin,
 Nor fraud nor arrogance shall be Thy guest.
 In Thine abounding love I enter in
 Thy holy house, to worship and find rest.

Guide me in righteousness thro waiting foes,
 Thy way straight on before me let me note;
 For their unsteadfast mouths a gulf disclose,
 Smooth are their tongues, an open grave their throat.

Give sentence! By their counsels let them fall.
 Thrust out the multitude that means Thee wrong:
 But shelter them who hide in Thee and all
 Whom Thou dost shield and compass shall be strong.

LORD, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
 Chastise not, hear my moans;
 For I am withering. Spare my lot.
 Heal Thou my trembling bones.

How long shall my soul shake with fear?
 In loving kindness save.
 Return to rescue me. Come near.
 Shall praise rise from the grave?

With sighing I am wearied quite,
 With tears my pillow wet,
 Mine eyes are shrivelled from the light,
 Grown old with all my fret.

Begone from me, ye evil men;
 God hears me call his His name.
 Dismayed, my foes turn back again
 In sore and sudden shame.

VII

THOU Refuge of my soul,
From these pursuers fend
And from the lions snatch me whole,
That me, unhelped, would rend.

If my hand sin doth own,
If to my friend unjust,
Then let the foeman chase me down
And spend me in the dust.

Arouse, O God, draw nigh,
Mine angry foes confound ;
Justice is Thine and far on high
All worlds Thy throne surround.

Ruler of Nations Thou !
By mine integrity
Bid evil to its end and now
Try all deep hearts and me.

With God is my one shield,
Each day His awful care
Doth whet its sword, its arrows wield
And bolts of doom prepare.

One who deceit doth wed,—
Begets and beareth woe,—
His mischief fallen on his head,
To his own pit shall go.

Jehovah will I bless,
My harp His praise unfold,
According to His righteousness,
His Most High name uphold.

VIII

BLAZED thro the Earth, on Heaven writ,
Our Lord, Thy Name's supremacy !
The lips of childhood answer it,
Strong-built to silence enmity.

When I gaze far in depths of night
Whose constellations Thou hast wrought,
What is a mortal in Thy sight,
Or Adam's child in Thy vast thought!

*This, that a little less than Thee,
Child of Thy glory, crowned, he stands,
To know, to love, to rule, to see
The matchless working of Thine hands.*

Fair meadowed lands and fields of air,
The strange hid pathways of the deep,
All speak of Thy dominion there,
Jehovah's name exalted keep.

IX

THEE my whole heart, my God, will sing
And all Thy wondrous works outcall.
Glad to Thy name my harp shall ring,
While mine undoers stumbling fall.

Thou hast my right and cause maintained,
Outblotting lurid enmity,
O'er desolated evil reigned
And overturned its memory.

Forevermore Thy throne bides fast,
Founded in deepest righteousness.
So will God judge the world at last
And countermand its wide distress.

For sore-crushed hearts Thou art a tower.
Thou wilt not disappoint their trust
Who know Thy Name. Outsound Thy power,
Thou Vindicator sure and just.

Thou pitiest my sufferings,
Hast lifted me from death's dark gates;
Therefore my praise her tribute brings
And in Thy courts rejoicing waits.

Nations in pits they digged go down,
Caught in the nets themselves prepared ;
So justice deals and God is known,—
The wicked by their own hands snared.

Wide Sheol yawns for sin forgot,
Hope shall not lose. God watcheth all.
Hide not Thyself! Men prevail not;
They are but men. They fear. They fall!

X

WHY standest Thou, O God, afar?
Why dost Thou hide from Time's duress?
While all the lowly anguished are
By the proud wiles of wickedness.

The base dare name Thee! Deep in greed
They bless Jehovah, yet defraud.
Bold-faced they say—“*He doth not heed*”!
All their plans boast—“**THERE IS NO GOD**”!

Emboldened that Thou judgest not,
He scoffs at any ill to come.
His tongue oppressions hath begot
And mischiefs make his mouth their home!

He lurketh in the villages,
Hides as a lion in his den,
He slays the souls he pillages
And in his net he drags poor men.

Crushed by his hand they sink in death,
They perish in their misery,
And “*God remembers not*,” he saith,
“*He hides His face. He will not see!*”

O Mighty One, lift up Thy hand!
Look on the downcast. Sin doth bawl
And mock Thee! Thou dost understand ;
This trouble handle, end it all.

With Thee the hapless leaves his grief,
The orphan on Thy help relies ;
Break the vile arm and bring relief,
Search evil out until it dies.

Ever and alway King Thou art,
Hearing the meek who Thee implore.
Thou wilt confirm the frightened heart,
That man may terrify no more.

XI

In God my soul hath taken
Her refuge ; will ye say
'As a bird to her bracken
Fly presently away' ?

For, lo, the wicked bowmen
Fit arrows to the string,
And in the dark their foemen
Would down the upright bring.

Tho all the pillars tremble,
The good man need not fear ;
Jehovah will assemble
His hosts to give him cheer.

His eyes discern the lowly,
The righteous have defence,
He hateth, Who is holy,
All cruel violence.

Upon the wicked burning,
Hot blasts that suffocate,
Their portioned cups returning
To lips that devastate ;

For righteous is Jehovah
And right His love doth trace.
The upright have forever
The vision of His face.

XII

HELP, O Jehovah! True souls cease to be
And faithfulness is vanished from mankind;
With one another they speak falsity,
With treacherous lip and with a double mind.

Thou wilt destroy false lips that speak so proud,
Which say—“*Our lips are ours, our tongues are strong;*
Who is Lord over us?” Men wail aloud!
End these oppressions, right this wretched wrong!

Thou wilt rise up to wield Thy vast redress;
Thy words are furnace-tried and seven times pure.
THOU wilt preserve us in this woful stress,
Tho on all sides vile-goers seem secure.

XIII

HOW long wilt Thou forget me,
How long Thy face withhold?
How long shall pains beset me,
While enmities wax bold?

Behold, my God, and show me,
Lest dark in death I sleep,
Lest enemies o'erthrow me
And foes their triumph keep.

I joy in Thy salvation,
Mercy my trust shall be;
I sing with exultation,—
God hath dealt well with me.

XIV

IN the fool's heart “*No God*” he saith;
Such are corrupt and vile.
They do all ill, none reckoneth
How God looks forth the while,

To see if any man at all
In wisdom is begun
To seek for Him: alike they fall,
None doeth good, not one!

Naught do these disobedient know,
Who eat men up like bread
And God disdain, that overthrow
On them is visited ?

Approaching terrors are their fate
Who shame the suffering poor :
But they Jehovah's comfort wait
Who in their God endure.

Oh that from Zion light would come
And Israel's peace be had !
When God returns His captives home
Then Jacob shall be glad.

XV

WHO in Thy tent Thy guest shall be,
Who in Thy holy mountain dwell ?
The just that walketh blamelessly
And in his heart the truth doth tell.

No slander reeketh from his tongue,
No treachery doth his friend surprise,
No scandal doth his neighbor wrong,
The vile are odious in his eyes.

Them that fear God he honoreth,
False oath, greed, bribe, will he disown ;
He who thus doeth to the death
Shall nevermore be overthrown.

XVI

PRESERVE me, God ! I hide
In Thee. My Lord Thou art ;
I have no God beside.
The noble have my heart ;
Who wed false gods shall find all shames,
I'll pledge them not nor name their names.

THOU art my cup and wage,
Thyself my sure domain.
A goodly heritage
My lines of joy sustain.
Before me always day and night
Thy right hand leadeth me aright.

Exulting, I am glad ;
Security I have ;
Thou wilt not leave me sad,
Nor waste me in the grave.
The path of life Thou shovest me,—
Thy presence long felicity.

XVII

O JEHOVAH, hear the right!
Listen to my prayer and cry ;
'T is sincere. Behold my plight,
Let Thy sentence pass not by.
Thou hast proved me in the night,
Thou hast tried me, found me true ;
I have shunned the fool's delight ;
Firm my feet, Thy steps in view.

Thou wilt answer when I call,
Bend Thine ear to hear my plea,
Thy right hand release the thrall,—
Show that marvellous love to me !
Guard me as Thy very eye,
Underneath Thy shadowing wing
Let me from the wicked fly
And the death encompassing.

They have grossly shut their heart,
They beset our steps around,
Proud-mouthing menaces they dart,
Look to cast us to the ground.
They like greedy lions lurk ;
Rise ! Confront them ! Smite their den !

Let Thy hand undo their work,
Pluck me from the wrath of men !

Their world-portion is rude health,
Treasures of the flesh they crave,
To their children will their wealth
And go glutted to the grave.
But in righteousness supplied
I Thy likeness hope to see,
Then, awake and satisfied,
Thou wilt show Thyself to me.

XVIII

MY God, my strength, I yearn to Thee !
My castle Thy delivering power ;
My rock of refuge Thou wilt be,
Salvation's horn, my shield, my tower.
All praise to Thee to Whom I call,
Who makest all my foes to fall.

Around me are the snares of death,
Destruction's flood about me boils,
The wiles of Sheol from beneath
Confront me with their fateful toils :
To God I send my passioned word,
It from His palace He hath heard.

The reeling Earth's foundations broke, —
Swung to and fro before His wrath.
Out from Him went forth fire and smoke,
Devouring flames flashed in His path.
The heavens bowed down beneath His tread, —
Under His feet the dark was dread.

He rode on wings of cherubim,
Yea, on the tempest winds He flew.
His black pavilion curtained Him
And round Him dense the rain-clouds drew.
The rolling thunderbolts were hot
While hail and flames of fire outshot.

Across wide heaven His terrors rang,
His blazing arrows ruin hurled,
The naked ocean floor upsprang,—
The bared foundations of the world,—
At Thy rebuke, O God,—the blast
And breath of might Thy nostrils cast.

Then down He reached to grapple me,
He drew me from the great wide deep,
Rescued from my strong enemy,
Into the open bade me leap.
Deal for that man who held Thee true,
Nor from Thine ordinance withdrew!

Mete me Thy love who loveth Thee;
The pure and perfect Thou wilt own,
Wilt humble proud perversity
And lofty, froward, eyes bring down.
Light Thou my lamp; when troops appall
By my God's help I leap the wall!

Almighty One, Thy way is tried;
God girds and prospers me aright
And shieldeth them who in Him hide.
My feet, like hind's, tread boldest height.
My hands Thou dost for battle train,
Mine arms a bow of brass can strain.

My Buckler Thou! Thy right hand true
To mine unfaltering feet makes room.
I turn not back but still pursue
And smite my foes till they consume.
I seize upon them as they flee
To overcome them utterly.

Jehovah answers not their cry,
As dust before the wind they go.
Free from them, set above am I
O'er peoples whom I did not know.
Their strongholds quitting in dismay,
Aliens shall hear me and obey.

God liveth! Blessed be my Rock!
Exalted let that Saviour be!
The Mighty One Whose vengeful shock
Subdueth nations under me.
Thou, my Deliverer and Defence,
Dost rescue from man's violence.

Therefore I praise Thee far and wide
Unto Thy name my harpstrings sound;
Great victories Thou dost provide,
Jehovah hath my spirit crowned.
Thy love a holy chrism doth pour
On David's seed forevermore.

XIX

THE heavens declare God's glory,
The skies His hands reveal,
Day unto day the story
And night to night unseal.
Their silent word outtelleth,—
In all the Earth doth run
The sign of Him Who dwelleth
Beyond the tented Sun.

As joyful bridegroom goeth,
That Sun leaps forth in might.
His wide way overfloweth
The boundaries of light.
Naught can restrain his shining;
'T is thus God's perfect law
Is sure and all-divining
And holds the wise in awe.

Steadfast and pure and gleaming,
Enduring clean for aye,
True ordinances, deeming
Of righteousness, are they.
Than gold refined more precious,
Than dropping honey sweet,

Their teaching is most gracious
And great reward they mete.

Who can discern his errors!
Clear Thou my hidden faults,
Nor let sin's bolder terrors
Foil me with fierce assaults.
Freed from the great transgression,
Accept mine uttered word
And whispered heart's confession,
My Rock, Redeemer, Lord!

XX

JEHOVAH answer thee in thy distress,
The Name of Jacob's God set thee on high,
From out the sanctuary send to bless
And out of Zion thy soul ratify.

Remember all thine offerings and take
Thy sacrifice and give thy heart's desire,
Accomplish all thy purposes would make,
That banner—**GOD FULFILLS**—thy soul inspire.

Now know I that Jehovah stays the just;
He answers with the help of His right hand;
Horses and chariots that some do trust
Sink down and fall: we rise and firmly stand.

O God, save Thou the king!
When we call, answering.

XXI

IN Thy strength the King is glad,
Great his joy is in Thine aid.
He his heart's desire hath had,
Answer Thou hast not delayed.

Life he asked Thee and Thy care
Endless length of days allows
Blessings rich Thy mercies bear,
Golden favor crowns his brows.

Thro Thy help his place is great,
His renown Thou hast bestowed,
Hast secured his blest estate,
Made Thy presence his abode.

Thou Most High, who trusteth Thee
Never shall be overthrown ;
Thy hand find each enemy,
Hot wrath shall to them be shown.

All the brood of plotting men,
All their impotence, at length
Thou wilt shatter, Lord, and then
Will we glorify Thy strength.

XXII

FORSAKEN! O my God! Oh why
Art Thou so far from helping me?
Thou heedest not my suffering cry,
Tho all the day I call to Thee.

And all the night relief is none :
Yet did our fathers fear Thy name,
Who art enthroned the Holy One ;—
Shall Israel's cry be put to shame ?

Reviled, despised and scorned am I,
As not a man ! They toss the head,
They curl their lips; "*Let God draw nigh, —*
Let 'God's delight' be visited!"

Thou madest **M&**! Mine earliest breath
Cast me on Thee ! My God, mine aid,
Stand not afar ! Distress and death
Draw close ; come THOU in help arrayed !

Wild beasts beset me, rage and gride.
I am poured out like water. See !
My heart is wax, my lips are dried,
In dust of death Thou layest me !

Encompassed by these evil bands
Who gloat on me, I count my bones.
Howling, they pierce my feet and hands.
They lot my vesture, mock my groans.

But be not Thou far off, O Lord !
Oh haste to be my mighty help:
Snatch my dear life from dog and sword
And save me from the lion's whelp !

From the sharp horns—THOU ANSWEREST !
Afar will I Thy praise proclaim.
Jehovah's fear be manifest !
Let Israel reverence His name ;

For He spurned not the Sufferer's pain,
Nor hid His face : but heard His cry ;
My vows shall own His gracious reign
Who doth the lowly satisfy.

They shall praise God that Him do seek—
“ *Your heart find life for evermore !* ”
To all Earth's ends shall memory speak
And all man's family adore.

For His the Kingdom and His rede
Shall bend to lift each savèd one ;
The after race yield holy heed,
The unborn learn what He hath done.

XXIII

J EHOVAH shepherds me ; I cannot lack.
Ranges of verdure bid me lie in peace,
Along by restful streams He guides my track,
His soul-restoring mercies never cease.

For His own Name's sake He will find me room
By paths so true, that when that valley drear
I tread, thro its deep overwhelming gloom,
Since Thou art with me no ill can I fear.

Thy rod and staff defend and lift me up.
Thou wilt a table rich before me spread,
While troublers heed mine overbrimming cup;
Upon my brows rare perfume hast Thou shed.

Only Thy loving kindness shall pursue
And goodness all my life long keep my ways;
So shall I in Jehovah's household thro
All time dwell and to everlasting days.

XXIV

THIS Earth is God's. His strong decrees
The world and all its creature goods
Have founded firm upon the seas
And fixed it fast above the floods.

Who shall ascend His holy hill?
Clean hands and a pure heart hath he,
His soul consents to nothing ill
And sweareth not deceitfully.

Such shall receive Jehovah's grace.
Safe in the arms of righteousness;
For these are they who seek His face,
Them will the God of Jacob bless.

Lift up your heads, ye ancient gates,
To let the King of Glory in!
Who is this King before you waits?
The Champion, strong the war to win.

Your heads uplift, ye doors of might,
And in the King of Glory bring!
Who is this radiant Prince of Light?
Jehovah Sabaoth is this King.

XXV

UNTO Thee my soul uplifteth,
Trusting in Thy name;
Let me not, while quarrel triumphs,
Come to shame.

Yea, let none that wait upon Thee
With the wanton fall.

In Thy paths, O God, acquaint me,
Be mine all!

Guide me in Thy truth and teach me,
All day long enfold ;
For Thy love and Thy compassions
Are of old.

Think not on my youth's transgression,
Let those follies die :
For Thy goodness' sake remember
Thine am I.

Good and upright is Jehovah,
Sinful souls to stay.
He doth guide the humble rightly
In His way.

All Thy paths are true and kindly,
In Thy covenant trod ;
By Thy Name my great guilt pardon,
O my God !

Who Thee feareth Thou wilt teach him
How his soul shall choose,
Prospered in Jehovah's secret
Naught to lose.

Since mine eyes are ever toward Thee,
Thou my foot wilt free ;
I am suffering and lonely,—
Pity me !

Lift my heart from swelling troubles,
My distress relieve,
Think on mine afflictive travail
And forgive.

See how many seek my downfall,
Cruel is their hate :
Save and keep my soul ! My refuge
Is Thy gate.

By integrity preserve me ;
Lo, I trust Thee well.
O my God ! redeem Thy troubled
Israel !

XXVI

JUDGE me in mine integrity,
Examine, prove my word ;
For I have gone unwaveringly ;
Try Thou my heart, O Lord.
Thy love is ever in mine eyes,
In faithfulness I walk,
Nor sit with men of vanities,
Nor with dissemblers talk.

I hate the assembly of the rash,
Nor with the wicked bide,
My hands in innocence I wash
To seek Thine altarside.
Thanksgiving loud my voice shall rouse,
Thy wondrous works to tell ;
The habitation of Thy house
I love, where glories dwell.

From sinning men my soul disband,
My life from bloodshot deed,
From men with mischief in their hand
And in their right hand greed.
In mine integrity I go ;
Thy kindness shall redeem.
An even place my footsteps know ;
Great psalms Thy courts beseem !

MY Light and my Salvation !
 By whom am I dismayed ?
 Thou my strong habitation,
 How can I be afraid ?
 Tho evil-doers dare me,
 Their hungry plots shall fall.
 They shall not overbear me,
 Nor once my heart appall.

Thro wars how-fierce-soever
 I will in this confide,—
 To leave Thy dwelling never,
 But all my days abide.
 My head shall high be raisèd
 O'er them that hem me round,
 With gifts my God be praisèd
 And harp and trumpet's sound.

Hear, Lord, my voice that crieth,
 Deal with me in Thy grace.
 This heart to Thee replieth
 When bid "*Seek ye My face*"!
 Thy face from me oh take not,
 Nor turn in wrath away,
 Cast me not off, forsake not,
 Who long hast been my stay.

When flesh and blood deny me,
 Let God upgather me.
 Teach, lead me, and supply me,
 Secured from enmity.
 Yield me not up for fuel
 Of hate; for in their strife
 False witnesses are cruel
 Who pant against my life.

Were not God's mercy giving
 Assurances to me

In this land of the living,—
What my despondency!
Be of good courage, only
Wait thou for Him, at last
He will not leave thee lonely,
If thou but hold Him fast.

XXVIII

TO Thee, my Rock, I call. Oh, listen now!
Lest, if Thou dost not answer me, I die
And with the buried down to Sheol go;
Therefore attend my supplicating cry.
Thy help I crave and desperately intreat,
Lifting my hands up to Thy mercy seat.

Do not compel my soul with them that lurk,
The sordid-hearted, who with treacherous thought
Speak neighborly. Reward their evil work.
Unto them render what their hands have wrought;
For they the deep-set plans of God disown;
Rebuild such He will not, but cast them down.

Blest be the Lord that hears,—my Warden strong!
In Him my life confideth and is bold;
Therefore my heart saith its triumphant song;
God for His chosen is a sure stronghold.
Bless Thine inheritance, for Thy flock care,
Their Shepherd be and them for aye upbear.

XXIX

GIVE to your God, ye sons of might,—
Give Him the glory due His name;
Arrayed immaculate in white,
His holy power proclaim.

The voice of God is on the deep,
He thundereth o'er the far-spread sea,
Those tones of might His echo keep
And speak His majesty.

That voice the forests shattering,
The heights of Lebanon reply ;
Like antelopes the mountains spring,
His lightnings cleave the sky.

That voice doth shake the wilderness,
It strips the woods, the hinds do bear,
Within His templed world all stress
Their "GLORY!" everywhere.

Enthroned was God above the Flood
And evermore He sitteth King,
To all His own He granteth good
And peace His blessings bring.

XXX

I DO extol Thee, O my God !
Thou hast upraisèd me,
My boasting adversaries awed,
What time I summoned Thee.

Thou broughtest up my soul from death,
Revived me from the sod,
Love shall awake my full harp's breath,—
Memorial of God.

One moment dureth for His wrath,
A lifetime for His grace ;
Weeping at eve her lodgment hath,
At dawn a burst of praise.

Once in untroubled pride I said,—
"Aye shall my foot stand fast";
Thy favoring face upheld my head :—
Now hid, deep clouds o'ercast!

So call I—"Shall the dust praise Thee,
Or shall the grave rejoice?"
Oh pity, God, nor silent be,
Vain cries let me not voice.

Thou didst to mirth mend my distress,
My robes of sorrow loose,—
Engirding me with gladsomeness,—
And give my dumb lips use.

XXXI

REFUGE in Thee, O Lord, I take,
All unashamed ; deliver me !
Incline Thine ear, for Thy truth's sake ;
Come to my rescue speedily.
Thee let me find a rock-built fort,
A fastness for my safe resort.

Pluck me from secret snares and save me ;
Thou art my cliff and my stronghold.
To God I give the life He gave me ;
Thou hast redeemed me to Thy fold.
I will not gaze on vanity,
But put my trust, True One, in Thee.

Thou hast beheld my soul's vexation
And known me in adversities,
Hast set my feet an open station,
Nor shut me to mine enemies.
With grief my soul and body waste ;
To my distress in pity haste.

With sighs and sorrows my years wrestle,
To friends a burden and a dread,
Shunned in the way, a broken vessel,
Forgotten as a man long dead.
Horrors and treachery round me band :
But, God, my times are in Thy hand.

Deliver ! Let Thy face shine o'er me ;
To shame and silence let them come
Who mutter insolence before me,
Let lying lips be stricken dumb.
What stores of goodness they shall see
Laid up, who rest their faith in Thee !

From marplot men Thy covert hides them,
Pavillioned, safe from tongues that strove ;
Jehovah's wondrous care betides them,
In the walled city of His love.
When in alarm I thought to die,
Then Thy help heard my suppliant cry.

Oh love Jehovah, ye that treasure
His fear ! He verily upstays
His faithful, Who in fullest measure
The folly of the proud repays.
Be of good courage, stand thou fast ;
Who waits for God hath Him at last.

XXXII

BLESS him, O God, Thou wilt
Whose sin Thy grace removeth,
In whom God finds no guilt
And no deceit reproveth.
When I kept still my bones
Were wasting all day long ;
Beneath Thy hand my moans
Dried all the dews of song.

But when I owned to Thee
My guilt, nor aught concealing,
Confessed my iniquity,
THOU to my soul brought healing.
That man who seeks Thy face,—
Lest whelming floods him reach,—
Thou dost,—his hiding place,—
Songs of deliverance teach.

Instruct and guide my way
And Thee let mine eyes ponder,
Lest, like dull beasts astray
Unbridled, far I wander.
Such shall all sorrows prove :
But whoso holds Thee fast,

Encircled by Thy love,
Shall sing aloud at last.

XXXIII

ALL ye good folk, with joy arise,
As so in duty bound.
Thanksgiving let your harps devise,
While trumpet clear to lute replies
With every skilful sound.

Standeth each word of God aright,
Who loveth equities.
Earth so love-laden, stars of night,
The massive oceans, all delight
In His deep treasures.

Let every people stand in awe ;
He spake, His will stood fast.
Voided, the threats of Kings withdraw ;
To utmost ages bides His law,
Down are ill counsels cast.

Well worth the land where God enbinds
A nation for His own !
He from high Heaven man's action finds,
To reckon all their deeds and minds,
And leaveth none alone.

No king is saved by armed array,
No warrior by sheer might,
The horseman is an empty stay
For victory,—his arm gives way ;
God for his own doth fight.

Help them who wait for God He must
To save them utterly.
Our souls await One who is just ;
So in Thy holy name we trust,
On us let Thy love be.

XXXIV

I WILL bless God thro all my days,
My mouth shall ever tell His praise,
My soul hold fast by Thee.
Let all the suffering gladly hear,
To magnify Thy name draw near;
Let God exalted be!

He answered when I sought His ear,
Undid me from my desperate fear
And made my face to shine!
In pain I cried when all forspent,
Then He His guarding Angel sent;—
My God, my life is Thine!

Oh, taste and see how good God is,
Fear Him, O all ye saints of His,
Take refuge at His side.
The very lions starve and want:
But nowise will Jehovah scant
Them who His gifts abide.

Hearken, thou child, and learn His fear,
Ye to whom life indeed is dear,
Enguard your lips from guile.
From evil break, for peace inquire;
For God grants good men their desire
But brings to naught the vile.

He neareth every bruised heart,
He champions every true man's part,
Therewithal saves him whole.
While sin and death go hand in hand,
God shall for thee thy foes withstand,—
Redeem thy homing soul.

GOD will contend with them
 That fight against thy life,
 Armed to defend thy cause
 From men of shame and strife.
 As chaff is whirled before the blast,
 Down they are cast, to blindness hurled.

No cause had they to hide the snares,
 To dig the pit;
 Ruin shall take them unawares;—
 They builded it.
 My soul shall shout, my bones shall sing;
 'T is God doth bring His needy out!

Black slander rises up
 To render ill for good
 To one whose soul, bereaved,
 Had blessed them all it could.
 As for a friend I mourned and bowed:
 But now they crowd to wreak mine end.

They rail and rend and roar
 And rage from Hell beneath!
 My life as dainty morsel hunt
 With gnashing teeth.
 O Lord, how long may lions band?
 Free the great land to yield Thee song!

Let mighty congregations voice afar
 Thy praise,
 Nor treachery rejoice in wild
 Triumphant gaze.
 No good they mean, fair names they jeer,
 “*Aha!—they leer—our eyes have seen!*”

THOU seest all! Hold not Thy peace,
 Nor distant wait.
 Arouse, My God, my cause espouse
 And vindicate,

Let them not say in rash delight,—
“*Engulfed him quite; we have our way!*”

Let them confounded be that joy
To do me harm!
Let them be clothed with shame that dare
Thy saving arm.
Good men one song shall ever raise;
To God be praise and all day long!

XXXVI

WITHIN my heart I read their fate
Whose eyes do fear their God no whit,
Who think that He doth careless wait,
Nor know their certain doom is writ.

False are the mouthing words he said,
He hath rejected Wisdom’s hand;
He doth plan mischief on his bed
And rise in ways abhorred to stand.

Thy kindness reacheth to the skies,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Thy righteousness is mountain-wise,
Thy care hath man and beast in keep.

Thy love, O God, is precious where
Man to Thy wings for refuge goes;
Thy house with blessings filleth, there
Thy cooling Eden river flows.

Thou art the fountain-head of life,
'T is in Thy light that light we see;
For upright spirits end this strife,
Still show them love whose love knows Thee.

XXXVII

Aevil men rage not
And be thine envy stayed;
For sudden withering is their lot,
Like the mown grass they fade.

Trust in Thy God, do good,
Joyful abide His care.
In Him seek thy beatitude;
For He will grant thy prayer.

Thy steps to Him be drawn,
Trust Him; for He will soon
Bring forth thy truth as glowing dawn,
Thine uprightness as noon.

Upstayed in Him, hold fast;
For tho the evil path
Seemeth to prosper, it at last
Shall fail. Have done with wrath.

Stand thou in thy glad lot,
Thou lowly soul. While some
Against the holy snarl and plot,
God sees their doomday come.

The needy down to fling
They strike and set the dart:
Their bows shall splinter from the string,
Their own swords find their heart.

The little he doth keep,
Whom God upholds, is best:
While miscreants many a spoil upheap
To shattering ruin pressed.

God for the upright cares,
Their times and place endure;
In darkest days no shame outstares
Nor famine makes them poor.

Ill-doers shall not stand,
Yea, none that disobey;
Brief glory theirs, like summer land,
Or smoke that drifts away.

They borrow, but default;
While good men give and bless.
God dowers whom He would exalt:
The accursed find distress.

Established shall he be
Whose steps his Maker please.
He may fall, but not utterly;
For God his hand doth seize.

Young was I and am old,
Yet have not seen the pure
Fordone,—his dear child begging bold
For bread. The blessing's sure!

Quit evil and do good,
So shalt thou bide for aye;
God leaveth not His chosen brood,
But joys to guard their way.

So shalt thou be preserved,
While evil offspring die;
The land they hold who have not swerved,
And shall while time goes by.

Wisdom good lips impart,
The just tongue speaketh so,
The law of God is in that heart,
His steps unfaltering go.

While sinners lie in wait
And seek to slay the true,
God will not leave him to that fate,
But give the judgment due.

Keep thou His way and thee
Will He uplift; so thou
Shalt, waiting, fair possessions see
When down the wicked bow.

Spread like a great, rank, tree
Deep-rooted in its ground,—
Such was he: but, lo! presently
Was nowhere to be found.

Mark thou the perfect man;
A future is for him:
While on transgressors lies the ban
And God their eyes shall dim.

Salvation to our God!
In woe He is our fort,
Delivering them from human fraud
Who unto Him resort.

XXXVIII

O GOD correct me not in wrath,
Nor in Thy hot displeasure strike;
Thy thrusts in me are arrow-like
And Thy hand downward drives my path.

My flesh Thine indignation pries
And for my sins my bones are dead,
My misdeeds overgo my head,—
Unbearable my burden lies.

I am corrupt and smitten sore
Because of all my foolishness,
I writhe in my so great distress
And all day long myself deplore.

For I am full of burning shames,
My flesh all soundness hath refused,
I am benumbed and deadly bruised,
My heart's disquietude exclaims!

My sighing is not hid from Thee,
My heart is fluttering, my strength dies,
The very light forsakes mine eyes;
God, in my longing pity me!

Lovers, friends, kinsmen, hold aloof
From my life,—from my woes stand off.
Snares for my ruin, deadly scoff,
And all the day long harsh reproof!

A deaf and silent man am I,
No one I hear, my mouth is dumb,
Yea every sense of mine is numb
And in me there is no reply.

For Thee alone, O God, I wait ;
Oh, answer while I call to Thee!
Let them not triumph over me
Nor proudly mock my faltering gait.

For I am ready now to fall,
Ever before me is my grief ;
Yea, I confess mine unbelief,
Cause of my trouble sin is all !

While enemies increase their stress
And they that hate me do me wrong,—
Impetuous upon me throng,—
Still toward the good in fear I press.

Therefore, O God, do not forsake,
O Thou my God go not away :
Hasten Thee ! Be my final stay,
Who for my life deliverance spake !

XXXIX

I SAID, I will heed to my path ;
So, lest that I sin with my tongue,
I My mouth now a bridle-curb hath
While round me the wicked are flung.
Dumb was I nor uttered a word,
But comfortless waited relief,
And while thus my sorrow was stirred,
My heart melted down with its grief.

My musing enkindled a fire,
Then presently voicing its cry,—
Mine end of Thee, Lord, I require,
Show what a frail measure have I!
Thou makest my days but a span,
My lifetime as nothing goes by ;
For when he stands firmest a man
Is only a vanishing sigh.

A shadow falls over the loom,
A whisper and one is in straits,
He gathers but knows not for whom ;—
My soul for Thee only awaits !
My one expectation Thou art ;
Make me not the scorning of might !
For silently all of my heart
Knows that which Thou doest is right.

Take from me Thy stroke and relent ;
By Thy heavy hand am I sped.
Thou scourge of my sin, I repent,
My moth-eaten joys fall ashred.
Hear Thou, O Jehovah, my plaint !
And hold not Thy peace at my tears ;
The days of my sojourn grow faint ;
Oh, brighten mine uttermost years.

XL

On my Lord did I wait
While He inclined to hear.
He plucked me from my deadly strait
And stilled my fear.
Out from the miry clay
Did He my footsteps clear ;
My mouth a glad new hymn shall say,
While men draw near.

Oh, blessed are those eyes
Which see what God hath wrought,
Nor turn to proud apostate lies :
But trust His thought.
None with Thee can compare,
None all Thy width unfold ;
That which my tongue would fain declare
Can ne'er be told.

No sacrifice or task
Dost Thou desire to see.
I hear Thee. Nothing dost Thou ask
But only — *me!*
I come as Thy word said,
My book Thine open will ;
Deep in my heart that law is read, —
Love shall fulfil !

To bring glad news of peace,
In great assembly shown,
My lips did not from telling cease,
Lo ! Thou hast known.
I hid not in my heart
Thy faithful, saving, Name ;
Withholding not Thy truth to impart,
Love I proclaim.

O God, Thy grace show yet,
Thy word be still my guard ;
For countless evils me beset
And sins press hard.
Thick-wove they stand about,
My courage would decay,
Wert Thou not pleased to bring me out ;
Enlarge my way !

Confuse their plans who wait
In scorn against my life.
Let them be silenced for their hate.
End Thou this strife!
Thy love be magnified,
Tho I be pained and poor.
Thou thinkest for me! At Thy side
Swift help is sure.

XLI

BLEST is the man who planneth for the poor;
God will deliver him in evil days
And let him live and prosper all his ways,
That he on Earth may long in peace endure.

God will preserve him lest his foes break in,
Shorten the days of grief and make his bed,
Transform his languishing, uplift his head,
Prove Himself pitiful and heal his sin.

So they that mock him, slander and defame,
Joining to walk abroad with treacherous lies,
Charging ill-deeds that ne'er will let him rise,—
False friends,—their heels shall grind themselves in shame.

So, in my truth upheld, my soul shall then
Before Thy face, set fast, forever dwell.
BLESSÈD BE GOD, THE GOD OF ISRAEL,
THRO ALL TIME'S AGES! AMEN AND AMEN.

XLII

AS pants the hart for waterbrooks,
To Thee, O God, I run.
To Thee my thirsty spirit looks,
Thou Mighty Living One!

When shall I come before Thy face
And all these tears be dried?—
My one bleak comfort, while Thy grace
Men all the day deride.

My longing soul remembers well
How once I led the throng,
Those holy days and ways, to tell
God's praise with joyful song.

Why, soul of mine, art thou downcast
And why disquieted?
Wait thou on God, Who will at last
In blessing lift thy head.

From Hermon's top and Jordan's deep,
Where cataracts call the sea,
From the loud waves that oversweep
My soul, I cry to Thee.

Thou wilt ordain Thy love by day
And in the night my song
And prayer shall turn to Thee alway,
Who dost my life prolong.

Wilt Thou, my Refuge, me forget?
To leave me overslaughed
By them who crush and scoff me yet,—
Who mock "*Where is Thy God!*"

Why then cast down, O soul of mine!
Why inwardly dost moan?
Thou yet shalt praise His love divine,
And God thy God be shown.

XLIII

DEFEND my right, my cause redress,
From hordes of cruelty;
Avert their rash deceitfulness
And my Protector be.

Why mourn I in such direful need?
Spurn not, O God, my cry:
Send forth Thy light and truth to lead
Home to Thy house on high.

So Thy blest altar let me see,
My Joy of Joys,—there raise
With lip and lyre triumphantly,
Mine only God, Thy praise.

Why dost thou bow in wretchedness,
My soul? Why dost thou sigh?
Thou yet shalt praise Him Who doth bless,
Whose saving grace is nigh.

XLIV

O GOD, our ears have heard, our fathers told
What work Thou didst for them in days of old,
How they were planted by Thy very hand
In this prepared and providential land,
So Thy great purpose should in them unfold.

Their victory was not in their arm nor sword:
But in Thy presence and right hand, O Lord!
By Thine election, Thine, my God and King,
Back did our cause the assaulting foeman fling;
So will we trust Thee now Thy help to afford.

No, not in bow or spear put we our trust:
THOU didst our adversaries shame in dust.
Save us! in Thee we triumph all the day;
Save us! so will we sound Thy name for aye;
Cast us not off, Thou God forever just!

Turn us not back before the face of men,
Scatter us not while menace lours. Oh, then
Sell not Thy people as a thing of naught;
Let byword not and scorn on us be brought:
From maledictive hate save once again!

Whate'er befalleth us we seek Thee yet,
Nor quit that covenant in our hearts deep set,
Nor swerve from Thee Who gave our nation breath,
Lost in the shadows of a double death,
Nor lean on alien power and Thee forget.

Search Thou our souls. Let not our hopes be slain.
Awake Jehovah! Rouse Thee, nor refrain!
Hide not Thy face in this our need! Believe!
For to the ground our soul and body cleave.
For lovingkindness' sake, redeem and reign!

XLV

MY heart with goodly words o'erflows.
My work is for a King.
My tongue (swift pen) His beauty shows,
His favored lips I sing.

God blesseth Thee. In Thy renown,
Thou splendid Champion,
Begird Thy sword and ride to crown
What perfect truth hath won.

Let Thy right hand in glorious plight
Guide Thee Thy war to gain,
Let all who test Thee prove Thy might
To cleave Thy foes in twain.

Thy throne, O God, hold ever strong,
Justice Thy sceptre be;
Right Thou dost love and hatest wrong;—
A chrism of joy for Thee!

Fragrance and music,—palaces
Of ivory,—delight.
About are treasured princesses,
Thy queen crowned at Thy right.

Daughter, give ear. Thy face uplift
In beauty to thy Lord.
Take thou that purple Tyrian gift
They for thy wealth afford.

All-glorious is thy bridal train,
Thy raiment golden-wove,
On broideries thou treadest, fain
Thy damsels round thee move.

They come all merry to the King.
Thy sons in royal line
Shall thy perpetual tributes sing,
For aye thy name will shine.

XLVI

GOD is our Refuge and our Might,
A help found sure in trouble;
So nothing shall our souls affright,
Tho Earth be bended double!
Tho down the mountains go into the floods below,
Tho ocean's waters roar and overtop the shore,
While all the world is quaking.

The city of our God hard by
A swelling river floweth,—
That holy house of the Most High
Which nothing overthoweth.
He standeth in her gates, at dawn to help her waits.
The shouting nations fall. He speaks! It endeth all.
The God of Israel aids us.

Come, see what changes God hath wrought;
The world He overturneth.
For aye He bringeth wars to naught
And spear and chariot burneth.
*“Cease! Know that I am He. Exalted I will be.
In all the Earth My hand shall every folk command.”*
This God is our Protector!

XLVII

ALL ye nations, clap your hands!
Jubilation render;
God is King o'er all the lands,
Our Most High Defender.
He subduing under us,
Kingdoms are removèd;

Naught from Him shall sunder us,—
Israel whom He lovèd.

Mid acclaim He rides the sky,
Trumpet peals resounding;
Loud celestial choirs reply
To your harps abounding!
Wake the strings with solemn mirth
To the Heir of Glory!
God is KING! O'er all the Earth
Run the minstrel story!

God doth reign, the great I AM.
To that throne untrembling,
As the sons of Abraham,
Tribes of man assembling.
Unto Him the shields belong;
To the stars envaulted
Ring, thou Earth, His holy song,
God supreme exalted!

XLVIII

GREAT is Jehovah, worthiest to be praised
In His great city, high and holy raised.
Beautiful, joyful, Zion standeth northward,—
God will defend her.

For lo! the kings then in their pride assembling,
Mazed in their terror, writhing, seized with trembling,
Like ships of Tarshish shattered by the east wind,
Fled when they saw her.

As we had heard so did our eyes behold it;
The Lord of Hosts will in His peace enfold it;
Thus shall the city of our God, Jehovah,
Stand fast forever.

Long we remember, of Thy good love telling;
As is Thy Name amid this royal dwelling,
So be Thy praise to furthest shores extended,
All the Earth blessing.

Thy right hand full of righteousness hath taught her,
Zion is joyful, each glad Judah's daughter
Answers Thy gracious deed that mount preserving
And boundless mercy.

Compass her lofty walls, each buttressed tower,
Pier, shaft and rampart, every belt of power,
Tell them that follow,—God is our God alway,
He to the end will guide.

XLIX

HEED this, O all ye nations!
Hear, wheresoe'er man dwelleth,
Born low or high, or far or nigh;
My mouth of wisdom telleth.
While that the word is spoken
Mine heart discerns thereunder
A deeper path than reason hath,
And sings the hidden wonder.

Why must I fear the evil
And treacherous days surrounding?
Tho men do trust in gilded dust
And boast in their abounding:
None can redeem his fellow,
Nor ransom at that portal
Where Death peers in, nor ever win
To buy the life of mortal!

For brute and fool and wise man
All leave the gains that met them,
They dwelt assured but unsecured,—
The lands they named forgot them.

No honors more await them,
Tho men applaud and follow !
Dawn jeopards them, Death shepherds them
Far down in Sheol's hollow.

No human form abideth :
But God, my soul redeeming,
Will in the hour of that dark power
Awake me from my dreaming.
So naught that fades I envy ;
For I would win my battle
And with God dwell where all is well,
Nor die with grazing cattle !

L

GOD, the mighty God, Jehovah,
Speaketh,—all the Earth He calls.
From the bounds of either twilight
Zion's light in beauty falls.
Overpowering silence, God reveals His path,
Fire devouring round Him and the tempest's wrath.

Summoning the highest Heaven,
To the Earth He comes with doom,
There ingathering His beloved
Who by covenant made Him room.
Heaven hath waited to proclaim this righteousness,—
God instated for the uttermost redress !

Hear my testimony, Israel !
I, that God, thy very own,—
Not with sacrificial offering
Need I that ye seek My throne ;
Bird of mountain, cattle on a thousand hills,
Forest, fountain, meadow,—Mine are all their wills.

Were I hungered would I tell thee ?
Overteeming worlds are Mine.

Flesh and blood **are not** My pleasure :
But a sacrifice be **thine**
Of thanksgiving. **Pay to God Most High thy vows.**
Let thy living honor Him Who heals thy woes.

What, thou sinner, dost thou utter,
Mouthing of My **covenant law** ?
Thou that hatest Mine instruction,
Casting by My words of awe,
Gladly choosing robbers, swift with lust to meet,
Ne'er refusing lip or tongue to frame deceit !

Thou that slanderest thy brother,
Silent I have heard thy say :
Than thyself was I none other ?
See thine evil in array !
Fear attend thee, change the way thy soul hath trod !
Lest I rend thee, think of thy forgotten God !

LI

IN Thy compassion, O my God !
Be gracious unto me.
Blot my misdeeds and purge my sin,
Wash mine iniquity.

For my transgression well I mind,
My sin before me is ;
Against **THEE** only have I sinned
And in Thy sight done this !

Thou wert all just to speak me scorn
And clear to doom my heart ;
In sin begot, a sinner born,—
Oh, teach my deepmost part !

More white than snow my spirit shrive,
Gladness and joy proclaim ;
That all my broken bones may thrive,
Hide from Thy face my shame !

Create me pure, renew my will,
Cast me not from Thy fold,
Thy Holy Spirit leave me not,
Restore my joy, uphold !

So may I show the right way back,
Abandoned not to guilt.
My tongue shall tell Thy righteousness ;
Unseal my lips Thou wilt.

No fiery offering dost Thou ask,
No formal sacrifice ;
A broken and a contrite heart
My God will not despise.

Do good to Zion in Thy love,
Jerusalem upbuild,
And with delight in all her feasts
Be Thy great altar filled.

LII

WHAT, valiant rebel, hast thou flung
On that great Love which Time outlives !
Worker of guile ! thy plotting tongue
On all injurious falsehood thrives,—
It would devour like whetted knives !

God will destroy thee in thy strife,
Seize thee to pluck thee from thy tent,
Uproot thee from the land of life.
Good men shall view and spurn thy bent,—
“*No God but gold !*” thy monument.

But I,—an olive tree in God,—
Trust in His love for aye to dwell,
What He hath done will ever laud,
His glorious name afar will tell
Before them whom He loveth well.

LIII

NO *God*," the fool saith. 'Tis his wish.
They are corrupt and devilish,—
That doeth good is none.

Jehovah looketh forth to see
If there is one who wise would be:—
All bad, none good, not one!

Did they not know, in evil fed,
Who ate my people up as bread,
Nor reckoned with their God,
That they at last would fall in fear,
When nothing threatening was near,
And spill their souls abroad?

For God their bones hath scatterèd
And shame on them hath visited,
Yea, hath denied their voice.
Oh, that from Zion God would come
To lead His captive Israel home!
Then Jacob shall rejoice.

LIV

BY Thy Name, my God, save me
And in Thy power defend.
Oh, hear my supplication
And to my prayer attend;
For strangers rise against me,
The angry seek my life,
Who set not God before them;—
God help me in this strife!

Elohim mine upholder,
He will requite my foes.
In faithfulness their malice
He foils and overthrows.
My free-will gift I bring Thee,
On Thy good Name I call,
My rescuer from distresses,—
Mine enemies' downfall!

O GOD, hear mine entreaty,
 Hide not from mine outcry,
 Regard me with Thy pity ;—
 Hard-driven, sad, am I !
 Let not my foes prevail ;
 While I lament on me they throng,
 With furious threatenings of wrong,
 And grievously assail.

My heart is filled with anguish.
 In terror's deadly realm,
 With trembling fears, I languish
 And horrors overwhelm.
 Had I a dove's bright wing
 Then would I fly to be at rest,
 Build in the wilderness my nest,—
 There no more wandering !

From wind and tempest hiding
 I'd haste for safe defense,
 Thy flame those tongues dividing
 Of strife and violence,
 Where troubles go their rounds
 On city walls, where eve and dawn
 Its streets with gulfs of sin do yawn
 And woful fraud abounds.

No enemy revileth ;—
 That could I well abide.
 No foeman proud bewileth ;—
 From such I could me hide.
 But *thou* mine equal long,
 My comrade and familiar friend,
 Who, fellowed at my side, did wend
 In worship's festal throng !

Let them swift reckoning make Thee
Whose hearts thus harbor ill!
To God do I betake me;
For save Jehovah will.
At night and noon I cry,
He hears my grief that cannot cease,
Delivering my soul in peace,
That none to hurt draws nigh.

Tho many now oppose me,—
God rigidly contemn,—
The King of Ages knows me
And He will answer them.
As smooth as oil their words:
But they profaned Thy covenant,
To smite the man at peace they meant
And were as naked swords.

Cast thou on God thy burden
And He will thee sustain.
He is the true man's guerdon,
Nor suffers wrong to reign.
O God, Thou bringest down
To the abyss blood and deceit;
Swift end their fated days shall meet,
While Thee my soul shall crown.

LVI

SEQUESTER me, while fiercely press
Day long my panting foes.
Behold how hot for my distress
Lewd war against me goes.

What day I am afraid, be near;
For to Thy word I run.
In God I trust and nothing fear
Of all that flesh hath done.

Daily they twist my speech. For woe
They band. They lie in wait
Close at my heels. God, overthrow
Their schemes, their wrath abate.

My wandering steps Thou notest all,
My tears are plain to see
Recorded. While to Thee I call
Turn back this mutiny.

Assured that God is on my side,
(For that word bless I Thee!)
In God I utterly confide;
What can man do to me?

My vows I pay. Where once I wept,
From death my soul to stay
Thou hast my feet from falling kept,
To walk in light alway.

LVII

O God, be gracious unto me;
For to that grace my soul doth fly.
Let Thy wings overshadowingly
Hide me until these wraths go by.

To God Most High I call, Who bends
All things for blessing unto me;
His saving heavenly help He sends
To end this hungry ribaldry.

Mid fiery lion's den my soul!—
Men's teeth and tongues are spears and swords:
But Thou dost reign where thunders roll
And vast Earth's glory is the Lord's.

They for my steps prepared a net,
My soul bowed in abandonment:
But where for me a pit they set
Therein themselves to ruin went.

Fixed is my heart! No longer mute,
I sing. The chords in music break.
Arouse, my glory! Harp and lute
Shall fain the very dawn awake!

Far will I sound, O Lord, Thy worth,
Whose truth and love are heaven-high,
Exalted over all the Earth
Thy glory flames beyond the sky.

LVIII

AND are ye verily tongue-tied,
Ye that should vindicate the right
And judge with equity the tried?
Nay how in sinning ye delight
And weigh the Earth out by sheer might!

Aliens from birth, they go astray
In lies, like venomous serpents' coil,
Like the deaf adder in the way,
That heedeth not the enchanter's toil
And will his wisest charming foil.

Tear out, O God, these deadly fangs!
Jehovah, crush the lion's teeth!
Melt them away! When the bow clangs,
Their arrows blunt! Abort them! 'Neath
Their own slime, snail-like, let them seethe!

Like crackling thorns whirl them in storm,
Or burned or green. Good men be glad!
Vengeance thy vision shall perform.
Wade in their blood! Thy fruit be had.
Earth shall declare God judgment-clad!

LIX

SAVE from this warfare, God of gods!
From these assailants hold me high;
Deliver from these impious odds,
Whose blood-thirst fain would see me die.

They band in ambush for my life,
Preparing strong and swift assault:
Yet not for guilt of mine their strife,
Not, O Jehovah, for my fault.

See THOU! O God of Israel!
Arouse to meet me! Thine arm bare
To smite these miscreants where they dwell,—
Their treacheries in no wise spare.

Like dogs in twilight troops they snarl
And run the city precincts round,
They belch their hate and every earle
Seeks with his jaws my soul to wound.

“Who hears?” they taunt: but Thou wilt laugh
At them,—my Strength for Whom I wait,—
Thou wilt deride this heathenish draf
And set me far above their fate.

My God, in lovingkindness true,
Slay not at once, lest men forget!
But Thy power scatter and subdue,
Who art our shield inviolate.

Let pride be snared by its own tools.
Consume the lying, cursing, mouth;
Teach them that Who in Jacob rules
Rules all Earth’s bounds from north to south.

So let this wastrel starving pack
Howl the night long! I sing Thy power,—
Delight, praise, refuge! Dawn comes back!
God loveth me and is my tower.

LX

THOU hast cast off and scattered us
In anger: Oh, restore!
Thou hast convulsed and riven the land
In ruin: build once more!

Thy people under hardships reeled,
Afflictions were their drink:
But was Thy banner given them
That they the fight should shrink?

Love and emancipate them! Heed
And save by Thy right hand!
Answer; I will exult in Thee
Whose holy word shall stand.

Shechem and Succoth, Gilead,
Manasseh,—all are mine,
Thou Ephraim helmeting my head,
My sceptre Judah's sign.

Moab and Edom own my sway,—
My fear Philistia's shout,
Our arsenal and fortress, God,
Lead Thou our armies out.

Give us Thy help against our foes;
For vain is help of man.
That we do valiantly, lead on,
Tread down this hostile clan!

LXI

HEAR when I cry to Thee, my God,
Attend to my complaint.
From the Earth's end I send my call
When all my heart is faint.

Lead to that rock so high above,
Where refuge far upsprings.
Tent me in Thine eternity
And cover with Thy wings.

For Thou hast hearkened to my vows,—
My heritage Thy fear,
New days my lifetime have prolonged
And many a widened year.

Enthroned a prince before my God,
His truth and love I take;
Thus shall my harp resound Thy name
Its daily tribute wake.

LXII

BE still, my soul, before Him
Who brings salvation near.
He is my Rock and Refuge;
Not greatly can I fear.
How long will ye accuse me,
Who would behold my fall?
Ye shall become defenceless
And like a tottering wall!

To thrust him from his station
Is all their thoughts rehearse.
Lies have them. Their mouth blesseth :
But in their hearts they curse.
From God mine expectation ;
Be silent when men frown.
One is my sure Deliverer
And naught shall cast me down.

Safe in my God I glory,
My fief, resort, and door ;
Pour out your heart before Him
And trust Him evermore.
My Refuge! What a bubble
Is man's ephemeral stay!
Their high-born are delusion,
One breath will them outweigh.

Walk not ye in oppression,
Nor vain and silly fraud,
Set not by wealth of increase ;
One thing is said from God,—
Yea, two,—that power belongeth
And love to Him alone,
According to his doing
Shall every man be shown.

LXIII

SINCE Thou art my God, hear mine earnest complaint !
My soul is athirst, my flesh pines,
In this waterless desert my spirit is faint
For that vision which in Thy house shines.
There Thy glorious power and the love more than breath
Did my lips for Thy praises command ;
So thus must I bless Thee in life and in death
And in Thy name lift up either hand.

My soul with Thy grace is abundantly fed
And my mouth praises Thee with delight,
I remember Thee when I lie down on my bed,
Thee I meditate all thro the night ;
For since Thou art my helper whose wings overshade,
I will sing Thee, my joy, to the last.
My sorrowing soul cleaveth close to Thine aid,
By Thine own right hand I am held fast.

To their ruin they go who conspire for my life,
To the depths of the Earth lies their way.
They shall be given over to bitterest strife
And become to the jackals a prey :
But in God shall the king rejoice ; so every one
That adjureth by Him shall be glad,
While the mouth of all falsehood shall soon be undone.
(Thus the Psalm of the Wilderness had.)

LXIV

O GOD, my lamentations hear,
Preserve this life by terrors bowed ;
That league of evil men draws near ;—
Oh, pluck me from the knavish crowd !

They like a sword their tongues have whet,
They poise their arrows, out they peer
With bitter words, in hiding set
To stab the good, nor do they fear !

Established in their gross content,
They say,—“*For who can ever see ?*”
They vaunt the snares their fingers bent,
Their well-devisèd villainy.

“*Full-made and ready plans have we*”—
Such thought is in each subtle heart :
But God bethrusts them suddenly,—
His arrows tear their life apart.

Their very tongues do them betray,
Down by their own deeds they are brought,
Yea, all who see them flee away
Telling with fear what God hath wrought.

His work consider and be wise,
The good God all thy fears dismiss ;
Each upright heart Him glorifies
In Whom alone sure refuge is.

LXV

I N Zion unto Thee
The stillness breaks in song.
Our vows are paid, we bend the knee,
To Thee let all men throng.
My sins may overpower :
But Thou canst hide them all.
Blest is the man whom Thou wilt dower
And to Thyself dost call.

In Thy house would we dwell,—
Those courts with blessings filled;
Thy solemn answers goodness tell,—
Salvation Thou hast willed.
Thou trust of all the Earth
And of the far off sea,
'T was Thy power gave the mountains birth
Begirt with majesty.

The roaring oceans fall
Asleep, on every shore
The billows die, so tumults all
Of nations are no more;
While them that dwell afar
Thy tokened fears employ,
The gates of dawn and evening star
Thou makest sing for joy.

The vernal earth Thy skies
Enrich with welcome rain,
Thy streaming watercourses rise
To give the bending grain.
Thou hast the ground prepared,
The furrows beaten down,
The softening showers what plow hath shared
With blessed growths do crown.

Thy goodness decks the year,
Thy footsteps drop with wealth,
Wild pastures teem and far and near
The hills are girt with health.
The meadows, clothed with flocks,
The valleys' mantling store,
The summer shouts of harvest shocks,—
All sing Thee evermore.

LXVI

SHOUT unto God, thou Earth,
Harp to His name,
Glorify in deep mirth
His fearful fame!
Thy foes shall bend to Thee,
Earth filled with worship be,
All things make melody,—
Their God proclaim.

His deeds thy fear command ;
Look ye on God !
He made the sea dry land,
There Israel trod.
Then did we sing to Him
Whose eyes shall never dim
The Song of Miriam.
Bow to His rod !

Let the great world give voice,—
Praise multiplied !
Our lives in Him rejoice,
Who is our Guide,
Nor yet removeth us ;
Song well behooveth us.
God's furnace proveth us
As silver tried.

While hunters' nets were spread,
And our backs brake,
Men overrode our head,
Our loins did ache.
We went thro flood and flame,
To our abundant shame :
Then didst Thou us reclaim
For mercy's sake !

I will approach Thy house
My gifts to bear.
Gladly I pay those vows
Of sorrow's prayer.
Not blood of beasts, O King !
My heart mine offering,
Love's incense will I bring
For all Thy care.

Come hear the tale I tell,
Ye that God fear ;
He for my soul did well
When I drew near.
Him with my mouth I called,
His name my tongue extolled,
Nothing His grace appalled,—
He bent to hear.

Were evil my delight,
God had deferred :
But verily His might
My cry hath heard.
Blessèd Elohim ! ne'er
Turning aside my prayer,
Withdrawing not His care
Nor loving word.

LXVII

BE gracious unto us and bless
And let Thy presence shine,
That all the nations of the Earth
May own Thy help divine.

Let all the peoples praise our God,
Be glad and satisfied
That Thou dost rightly judge the Earth
And art their only guide.

Let all the peoples praise our God,
Earth her true increase yield ;
So He Who blesseth us shall be
To all mankind revealed.

LXVIII

WHEN God doth rise, His scattered foes
Who hate Him flee His glooming,
As driven smoke the sharp wind blows,
As wax in flame consuming.
The wicked perish from their God :
But all the righteous Him applaud,
Exultant in that dooming.

Smite the full harp ! Sing high God's name !
On tempest clouds the Rider
His chariot drives ! 'Tis HE—I AM !
Hail to that just Divider !
Orphan and widow His become
Who brings the lonely to His home,
Who sets the prison door wider.

O Israel's God ! in Thine advance,
In all Thy desert marches,
Earth shook,—yon Sinai,—at Thy glance,
Rains gushed from Heaven's arches.
Thou dost refresh the weary land
Where Thine afflicted creatures stand,
While drouth rebellion parches.

What God decrees the women sing
In multitudes,—kings riven
And fled ! The spoils men bring
To them that watch are given,
Like doves' wings silvered,—sheen of gold !
As snow on glittering Zalmon rolled
God hath those armies driven.

The Bashan peaks with envy see
The mountain of God's dwelling;
Aye therein will Jehovah be,
His myriad chariots telling.
There hath Thine ark gone up on high
With spoil and captives toward the sky,
At last all rebels quelling.

Daily doth God our burdens bear,
Whose might is our salvation;
On our side He doth guard us there
From deadly tribulation.
He smiteth tall iniquity:
But brings us thro the deepest sea
Of blood-stained tribulation.

Up those great steps the triumph bore,
Its mighty entrance wended.
Wide went the glorious temple door,
While, harp and timbrel blended
With choirs of song and vast acclaim,
Thy fountain, Israel, hailed Thy name
By splendors far attended.

Judah and Benjamin go by,
With all their princes thronging;
And Zebulon and Naphtali,
Their lusty shouts prolonging.
Strong in the strength of His commands,
His palace in Jerusalem stands,
God-built, above all wronging.

Rebuke those wild beasts of the fen,
The herds of human cattle;
With silver ingots crouch the men
Once fed with lust of battle.
There come the magnates of the Nile,
And Ethiopia hastes the while
To God, with hands gift-laden.

Ye kingdoms, let your song unfold
With melody and psalter;
Who rides the highest heavens of old
His voice shall never falter.
Thou terrible and mighty One!
Thou Strength of Israel, Thee alone
She worships at Thine altar.

LXIX

SAVE me, O God; the waters hiss
And on my soul roll in.
I sink in mire of the abyss,
No footing can I win.

The deep flood overwhelms me quite,
I weary of my cry,
With failing eyes I wait Thy light,
My throat is parched and dry.

For more than hairs upon my head
They hate me with no cause,
And wrongfully they wish me dead,
Who plunder as outlaws.

My follies and ill deeds to Thee
Are known. Who seek Thy face
Let them not be ashamed in me
Nor wait on my disgrace.

I bear reviling for Thy sake,
Estranged and alien, hide,
And all my very mother's sons
Have kinsmanship denied.

Zeal for Thine house my spirit ate
And Thy reproach was mine;
I wept and fasted: yet my fate
Doth calumny assign.

I am their byword, dismally
Beclad. They still defame,
The market-places whisper me,—
Make ballads of my name.

Yet, O Jehovah, while I pray
Thy favoring love bethink!
O Faithful One, snatch from the mire
Lest I, abandoned, sink!

Be mine escape from weltering depths,
The flood that overgoes!
Let man not swallow up my soul,—
The grave's mouth on me close!

In tender charity reply,
Unbounded Mercy! turn!
Answer, Jehovah! Right soon nigh,
Release from them that spurn!

All is before Thee!—shame, contempt,
Each fierce, unpitying one!
My heart is broken, I am gone!
To comfort there is none!

They give my thirst to drink of gall,
They mingle sourest wine:
But let their table be a trap,
Their peace a deadly sign.

Let their eyes suddenly go dark,
Their loins with palsy shake,
Make them Thine indignation's mark,
Thy fierce wrath overtake.

Be their encampment desolate
And all their tents be vain;
They persecute the smitten man,
They gloat upon my pain.

Blast them according to their deeds,
Deny them from Thy sight,
Blot them from out Thy book of life,
Nor with the righteous write.

But see my sorrows, O my God !
Set Thy poor waif on high ;
So will I praise Thy name, my song
Thanksgiving magnify.

Therewith wilt Thou be pleased far more
Than hornèd, hoofèd beasts,
All sufferers see with gladdened hearts ;
For who seeks God hath feasts.

Thou hearkenest to the prisoner's need ;
Let Heaven and Earth rejoice,
The seas and all that move therein
Praise Thee with one vast voice !

God saveth Zion and will build
His Judah. There shall dwell
Secure the long posterity
Of them that love Him well.

LXX

HASTEN to deliver,
God be Thou mine aid,
Whelm them in confusion
Who my soul invade.
Be their fall disgraceful
Who would me destroy,
Turn them back shame-faced
In their sneering joy.

But let all that seek Thee
Glad in Thee abide,
They that love say ever—
“God be magnified”!
To my needy suffering
Haste upon Thy way.
My help and deliverer,
God! do not delay.

LXXI

SHAME not my refuge, Lord, in Thee
Who have Thy rescuing besought.
Incline Thy righteous ear to me,
To Thy continual dwelling brought.

Set high and far above all harm,
Thou hast ordained my full defence.
Freed from the wicked rage and arm,
Thou art my soul's sure residence.

From youth my trust was in Thy care,
From birth upon Thee was I stayed,
Me, helped of God, my mother bare;
My gratitude be ever said.

A wonder unto many I
Became: but Thou, asylum strong,
Dost fill my mouth to glorify
Thine honor, praising all day long.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
When my strength fails forsake me not,
Confuse mine adversaries' rage,
When for my life they gaze and plot.

Be not far from me, God! At hand
Run to my help! Let them be borne
To shame and death, who me withstand,
And mantled with disgrace and scorn.

They would destroy: but Thou, my hope,—
I yet will hail Thee more and more,
Recount those deeds when I did grope
For Thee,—Hosannas evermore!

God's mighty acts are numberless,
Who asks the life He did create.
Thine only is the righteousness,
Mine the delight to celebrate.

God hath uptaught me from my youth
And I His wonders have declared;
Thencethro Thou'l not forsake in sooth,
Now I am agèd and grey-haired.

To them that follow would I show
Those great things so Thy name enhance;
None is like Thee, above, below,
Abandoning not to misbechance.

Griefs Thou hast shown us, many a pain,
Yet wilt recover unto life,
Out of the depths bring up again,
Increased and comforted from strife.

With psaltery and harp and song,
Thou Holy One of Israel,
Our lips their melodies prolong,
My redeemed soul Thy truth shall tell.

LXXII

O God, Thy judgments grant the King,
Thy righteousness be his royalty,
To judge the poor with equity
And right the wrongs Thy people bring.

Let the great mountains ward their peace,
The guardian hills their confidence,
The children of the needy thence
Shall find redress,—the oppressor cease.

While Suns endure, Thee let them fear,
Thro ages while the Moons are bright,
As showers on meadows soft alight
And raindrops bring the harvests near.

In his days let good men abound,
Peace flourish till the Moon shall fail,
From sea to sea let him prevail,
While rivers flow the world around.

In dust his enemies bestow,
Let desert tribes before him bend,
Princes and islands tribute send,
Kings bring their gifts and nations bow.

For he will heed the poor man's right—
The abject that hath none to aid,
Pity the lives that wantons raid,
Their blood be precious in his sight.

Long live the king! Bid them the gold
Of Sheba bring! Let all men pray
Continually day by day
That God's own blessing him uphold.

Abundance crown the happy land,
On all the hills the billowing grain
Like Lebanon flourish, man regain,
And prosperous cities teeming stand.

For aye enduring be his name,
While shines the Sun ; with large increase
Let folk in him find blessed peace
And every people hail his fame.

So blessed be the King of kings!
Yea, bless the God of Israel!
His undiminished glories tell,
Who only doeth wondrous things.

Let all Earth with that glory then
Be filled ! For thus said Jesse's heir,
So ended all of David's prayer,
So endeth ours. Amen ! Amen !

LXXIII

TO Israel God is good indeed,
To the pure-hearted granteth heed :
But I—my feet were nearly gone,
A moment and my steps were done !

For I was angered at the proud,
I saw the crafty, thriving, crowd ;
Them did no mortal trouble probe,
Pride was their necklace, strife their robe.

Their eyes protrude, their vauntings reek,
In lofty insolence they speak,
Their mouths presume in heaven-high talk,
Thro all the Earth their tongues outstalk.

God's people turn from them a main
And a full cup of sorrow drain :
But these say—" *Doth the Almighty see,
With Him how can there knowledge be?*"

Behold them ! how secure and strong,
While I am smitten all day long.
Surely in vain my heart I cleanse
And wash my hands in innocence !

Thus had I said if false to good :
But pondering I understood ;
To Thy house did my footsteps wend
And *there* I saw their final end.

In slippery place their feet are set
And down to sudden ruin get ;
One desolating instant dooms
And terror utterly consumes.

As one awaketh from a dream,
So, Lord, shall Thine arousing seem
To shed them! Salt pain my heart thro,
I was a beast: but now I know!

But as for me I am with Thee;
Thy hand upholds continually.
Me with Thy counsel Thou wilt guide,
Then in Thy glory place provide.

Whom have I there in Heaven but Thee,—
What else on Earth delight can be?
My flesh and heart may fail: but store
And strength is God forevermore.

They that deny Thee wantonly
Forsaking and forsaken die.
In peace in God alone I dwell;
So all Thou hast done will I tell.

LXXIV

AND, O God, wilt Thou ever mock!
Why doth Thy mounting anger smoke,
Shepherd, above Thy cherished flock,
Thy people long-bought from the yoke?

Those tribes redeemed to be Thine own—
Mount Zion where Thou once didst dwell,—
See her! in ruins overthrown
And silence,—all her joy a knell.

Thy foes brake thro in roaring flood,
They set their symbols up for Thine,
Their lifted axes smote the wood,
Their hammers beat the carved work in.

Thy temple they laid waste in flame,
They thought that holy shrine to whelm,—
At once pollute and raze Thy Name,—
They've burned Thy house thro all the realm!

Our symbols gone! No prophets wait,
Nor any seer! How long, O God!
Shall sullen scoffers desecrate
And brawling wandrels mock Thy brod?

Thy right hand from Thy bosom free,
To work deliverance from Earth's dread;
Of old 't was Thou didst rend the sea
And crush the ocean-monster's head!

'T was Thou didst smite the dragon low
And make his carcass human food,
Didst seal the mighty river's flow
And cleave the fountain and the flood.

Thine is the day and Thine the night,
Thy will the light and Sun did form,
Fixed the wide bounds of Earth aright,
Gave summer glow and winter storm.

Think on the scorn that hath not ceased,
The vandals who Thy name blaspheme;
Give not Thy dove to ravening beast,
Thy life the impoverished redeem!

Regard that birthright covenant,
While Earth's dark regions swarm with wrong.
Let not the oppressed in shame be bent,
Teach lowly need a holy song.

Arise, plead Thine own cause! The joys
Of follies which all day revile,
Quell! End Thou soon man's boisterous noise,
Whose uproar riseth all this while.

LXXV

WE thank Thee that Thy name is near,
Thy wonders manifold declared.
Be Thy set time of judgment bared,
When all on Earth Thy power shall fear.

Ye malcontents, boast not so high
Your arrogance ; for East nor West
Nor mountain wilds avail your quest ;
To lower and lift the Judge stands by.

In God's left hand a cup there is,
Its frothing wine is mingled death !
He pours it full and surely saith,—
“*Drain those last dregs, Mine enemies!*”

But I will praise Him steadfastly,—
The God of Jacob ! — witnessing
That He will down the wicked fling,
While blameless ones exalted be.

LXXVI

IN Judah God is known, His Name
is great in Israel.
In Zion is His resting place,
in Salem doth He dwell.
The flashing arrows, shield and sword,
the battle and the bow,
Descending gloriously the Lord
will come to overthrow.

Stout hearts are spoiled, in sleep benumbed,
their hands the valiant fail.
In stupor horse and chariot
see Thy rebuke prevail.
Who can withstand Thine anger
when from Heaven Thou dost speak ?
The Earth was hushed when God arose
to vindicate the meek.
The wrath of man shall praise Him !
't is the baldric of our God.
Pay unto that Jehovah all your vows,
His name who laud,

While all who stand about Him,
 everyone his tribute brings
To Him Who withereth princes
 and is terrible to kings.

LXXVII

UNTO God will I utter my suppliant cry,
 Oh, that He would give ear to my plight!—
In the day of adversity seek the Most High
And my hand is stretched forth in the night.

For unless He will hear me, my soul must refuse
To be comforted. Vain is relief.
When my God I remember how can I but choose
This sad wind-song of unholpen grief?

Mine eyes are held waking. I toss and am dumb,
While I reckon the days and the years,
So far off, when a song to my midnight would come:
Now I question with blistering tears,—

Will the Lord cast away and His favor give o'er?
Do His promises evermore fail?
Is His mercy clean gone? Is His anger so sore?
Will His pity no longer avail?

'T is my weakness! Oh, years of the right hand of God!
I remember those wonders of old
And I muse on Thy dealings when Israel trod
Where Thy strength did Thy people enfold.

The watery depths were in torment. The cloud
Broke in floods. The broad welkin outpealed.
Then with flash of Thine arrows and thunderings loud
All the world blazed in lightning and reeled.

So the whirlwinds gave voice. So Thy way was the sea
And Thy paths in the nethermost deep.
There by Moses and Aaron Thy people went free,
As a flock Thy strange footsteps to keep.

LXXVIII

GIVE ear, O ye my people, to my law,
Incline to hear the words my lips have told ;
My mouth shall braid a parable of awe,
Forth will I pour the oracles of old.

Our fathers heard and told that which we know,
Their children shall not hide what they were taught :
But praise to after generations show
How hereaway God's strength our valor wrought.

For He a testimony stablished fast
In Jacob,—Israel's appointed law ;—
That sire's word unto children's children last
And sons unborn tell what the ancients saw.

That with hope set in God they ne'er forgot
The Almighty's deeds : but keep His covenant,
Lest stubbornly rebellious hearts, misset,
Unsteadfast wander in bewilderment.

The sons of Ephraim, bowmen well equipped,
Kept not God's league, in battle gave their backs,
Refused to mind His law ; their memory slipped
From Thy great works shown in those desert tracks.

Marvels had God done in their fathers' sight,
In Egypt drear, in Zoan's torrid plain.
He split the Sea for passage in His might
And bade the upheaving waters turn again.

He moved before them in that cloud by day
And all the night long stood in pillared fire,
He made the rocks along that thirsty way
Give streams abundantly to their desire.

Yet they sinned on ! Their rebel hearts withheld
And dared the Almighty, in their lust did prate ;—
“ *He gave the water : let Him furnish food !*
Can He bread for this multitude create ? ”

Jehovah listened, while His wrath grew hot
Against this unbelieving Israel,
Because His saving power they trusted not.
Then rained from Heaven's wide door the manna fell!

The open skies obeying His command,
They had the very grain of God to eat.
Man took the bread of angels in His hand,—
Yea, of that fare He sent were they complete.

He led the southeast wind by Heaven's lamp
And poured about them wingèd fowls as sand,
Which fell thro all the circuit of the camp;
They ate their fill whereof they craved God's hand.

While still unsated, rose on them His wrath;
While yet the food was in their very throat,
He felled the stoutest of them in their path
And the young men of Israel down He smote.

Yet flaunting on, for all those rescues wrought,
Their years were terror and their days a breath:
At last once more they earnestly besought
Their God, returning unto Him from death.

A little while bethought they of their Rock,
Their God, Redeemer! But full soon they part
Their lips with lies, their tongues His goodness mock;
Such was their faithless and unstable heart.

But nonetheless is God compassionate,
Pardoning, smiting not inconstancies,
Ofttimes doth He His rising wrath abate,
Remembering what an ebbing breath man is.

In that great wild how fast did they rebel
And tempt and vex and grieve the Holy One!—
Disown the day He guided them so well,
When His hand did their foes oblivion,—

Those boding marvels shown in Egypt's land,
Those plagues so many, all that loosened woe,
The level path His indignation planned
When pestilence laid all their first-born low!

As His own flock He led His people out,
Safe thro' the wilderness His guiding hand
(While the sea whelmed the war-lords) brought about
To this bright Mount,—this sanctuaried land.

He drove the nations from before their face,
Allotting that inheritance once held,
He made the tribes of Israel take their place:
Yet still against the Most High they rebelled.

Of all His testimonies they went wide,
As all their fathers' fathers would they be,
Like a deceitful bow twisting aside.
Their graven images moved God's jealousy.

So Israel was abhorred of God, and then
Did He forsake that Shiloh erstwhile He
Had chosen, where to pitch His tent with men.
He gave their glory to captivity.

Yea, to the sword His heritage He doomed;
Fire ate their youths, no more a marriage tide
Their maidens sang, the steel their priests consumed,
Their widows' very lamentation died!

Then the Lord wakened as one out of sleep,
As a great giant shouteth in his wine,
Backward He smote His adversaries, deep
Obliteration made their lasting sign.

From Joseph's tent He turned, from Ephraim's tribe,
To Judah gave the Zion of His love,
His sanctuary on the heights to scribe,
Fixed as the fast-set Earth and ne'er to move.

From the sheepfolds did He His David choose,
His shepherd over Israel to be,—
Captain of men, from 'mong the teeming ewes,
To care with skill and heart integrity.

LXXIX

GOD, the aliens menace Thy possession !
They have now defiled Thy holy temple.
They have laid Jerusalem in ruins.
They have given the bodies of Thy servants
To be food for all the obscene eagles,—
Flung their flesh beloved to the wild beasts !

They have bled Jerusalem as water,
Till no longer was a man to bury.
We became a railing for our neighbors,—
Scoff and jest to everyone about us.
Lord, how long ! Wilt Thou be ever angry,
Shall Thy jealous fire be burning alway ?

Pour Thy wrath upon the witless nations,
On the kingdoms never Thee invoking ;
Reiving Jacob, they his pastures wasted.
Recompense Thou not our evil fathers !
Let Thy mercies speedily approach us ;
For we now are brought so low before Thee !

O Thou God of our salvation, help us !
For Thy glory pardon and deliver.
Why should godless mobs against Thee mutter,
For Thy servants' sake avenge the bloodshed ;
Let them *see* who now array to kill us,
Give the sighing prisoner Thy pity !

So, in Thy majestic arbitration,
Now preserve those unto death appointed.
Seven-fold render into envious bosoms
That reproach wherewith they have defiled Thee !
We Thy people, shepherded and pastured,
Will show forth Thy praise thro time unending.

LXXX

O THOU Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!
Thou that Joseph like a flock dost lead,
From the cherubim shine forth to cheer us,
Stir Thy strength and come to help our need.

Wilt Thou take Thy people's prayer in anger,
Measure them the bread and drink of tears,
Visit strife and scorn upon our languor,
Grant no more the grace of other years?

Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break and waste and fall and burn and perish,
While her ravage Thy rebuke fulfils?

Turn us, Lord, again, in mercy hearken!
All our waywardness and shame forgive.
Leave us not unsought while shadows darken:
Cause Thy face to shine and we shall live.

Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
By Thy hand once more our strength maintain;
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

LXXXI

N OW sound ye out your festal shout
To God! In joyful chime
Thrill high and sharp with psalm and harp,
With lute and tabret's rhyme.

To your lips set the clear cornet,
Blow for the Moon of Feast.
Let Israel God's ordinance tell;
His statute hath not ceased.

There He gave heed to Jacob's seed,—
This long memorial planned;
From that strange tongue to Him they clung,
When He threshed Egypt's land.

“ ‘T was *I* that broke thy shoulders’ yoke
And flung the slave-tools by.
From scath extreme *I* did redeem
And answerèd thy cry.

That secret place of thunders!—Grace
At Meribah which strove!—
Mine Israel, hear while I draw near,
Oh, listen to My love!

Make not a clod thine alien god!
Jehovah be thy guide.
He Who brought out from Egypt’s rout
Will fill thy lips, set wide.

My people heard no more, My word
Forwent, would not obey,
Heart-stubborn; so I let them go
To thole their self-willed way.

But, oh, that they would hear My say!
Mine Israel with Me walk;
Full soon would I their foes thrust by,
Their adversaries baulk.”

Then had men’s hate bent to its fate,
While Israel’s days endured.
God would have fed them heavenly bread,—
Rock-honey them assured.

LXXXII

NOW at the great assize God takes His stand
To judge the very judges of the land.
How long will ye abet iniquity
And favor the bland front of infamy?

Deal justice to the orphan and the weak,
The suffering and the destitute bespeak,
Deliver ye the outraged and undone,
From loathly malice pluck them everyone.

When *these* know not nor understand, men go
About in darkness ; Earth rocks to and fro ;
All the foundations of the land do crack,
When to great equities ye give the back !

I called you gods and sons of the Most High :
But ye like men, or paltry princes, die.
Arise, O God, to wield the Earth ! Defeat
The people's wrongs ! Take Thou the judgment-seat !

LXXXIII

BE not still, keep Thou not silence,
God, no longer hold Thy peace !
Lifting high their hands in tumult,
Lo, Thine enemies increase !

'Gainst Thy hidden ones they counsel,—
Crafty combinations set ;—
“*Let us now cut off their nation,
Israel's name let men forget !*”

As one band they league together,
All confederate at *Thee*,—
Edom, Moab, Tyre, Philistia,
Locked in one conspiracy.

Visit them with rathe destruction,
Make them like the whirling dust,
Driven chaff or blazing forest,
Mountain trees to ashes thrust.

So pursue them with Thy tempest,
Terrify them with Thy storm,
Fill their faces with confusion,
Bend them till their wills conform.

Black dismay to them apportion,
Yea, confound in final dearth,
Show them that alone Jehovah
Stands supreme o'er all the Earth.

LXXXIV

O LORD of Hosts, how amiable
Thy tabernacles are!
My soul doth long and faint to dwell
Within those courts afar.

The sparrow hath her sheltering,—
The swallow's young their nest;
Thine altars, Lord, my God and King,
Alone my soul can rest.

How blessed in Thy house they be
Who lift Thy steadfast praise!
How blest! whose strength is all in Thee
And in whose heart Thy ways.

They pass along this vale of tears:
But blessings overflow.
Till each 'fore Zion's God appears,
From strength to strength they go.

O Lord of Hosts, my prayer attend!
O God of Jacob's race,
Give ear! O God, our shield, befriend
And see my longing face.

For better in Thy courts one day
Than thousands elsewhere spent;
I'd rather on God's threshold stay
Than dwell in folly's tent.

For God is Sun and Shield and He
Will grace and glory give,
Withholding naught, while uprightly
They walk who trust and live.

LXXXV

THOU to Thy land, O God, hast shown Thy grace,
Restored Thy captive Israel to her dwelling place,
Removed their guilt, turned from their sin Thy face,
Withdrawn Thy wrath.

O God of our salvation, still return !
And let Thine indignation toward us cease to burn.
Be no more angry with us, be not stern
Forevermore.

Wilt Thou not now to us our life give back,
That so Thine own in Thee rejoicing nothing lack ?
Show us Thine intercession, fill the sack,
Take mercy's path !

Now will I hear what God the Lord will say,
Who speaketh peace to them who make His word their stay :
But let them not return to folly's way,
Nor God give o'er.

For all the leal His help is nigh at hand.
Truth kisseth mercy. Right and peace together band.
That glory may inhabit all the land,—
God, good bestow !

The Earth shall yield her increase, truth upspring
And righteousness look forth, from Heaven answering,—
God's courier ! His holy footsteps ring,
Our way to show.

LXXXVI

I NCLINE Thine ear, Jehovah ! Answer me ;
I am down-trod.
I Preserve Thy servant's soul, beloved of Thee,
O Thou my God !

Be merciful ; I call Thee aye and aye.
Bid my soul live ;
For Thou art good and ready, so I pray
Thee to forgive.

My suppliant voice attend, this troubled day,—
Answer Thou me ;
Thy plenteous pity turneth none away
Who cries to Thee.

There is no god like Thee, nor works like Thine,
O Lord Most High!
All Thou hast made shall find Thy name their shrine,—
Thee glorify.

For Thou art great, miraculous, and art
True God alone.
Teach me to fear Thy name. Unite my heart.
Be Thy way shown.

I will walk in Thy truth and Thy name praise
With my whole mind
And I will glorify Thee all my days,—
So great, so kind.

From depths of Sheol Thou didst lift my soul;
So good Thou wert!
Now pride and violence rise to rend me whole,
From Thee avert.

But, O compassionate and gracious One,
Turn Thee at length!
Unto this servant be Thy favor done
And grant Thy strength.

Oh, save Thy handmaid's son! Good token bring;
That they may see
And be ashamed, because Thy help, my King,
Did comfort me.

LXXXVII

On the holy mountains God hath built thee well,
Zion, most beloved of all Israel.
Glorious things are spoken, capital of God,
Of thy sunlit beauty. One doth tell abroad
As to those who know Him, thro the peopled Earth,—
Egypt, Babylon, Tyria,—“*There this man had birth*”:

But of Zion, this one, that one, shall be told
Of the native number in her walls enrolled.

The Most High Himself will stablish and adorn,
Chronicling the nations,— “*THERE! this man was born.*”
By that registration, Thee the singers sing,
Thee the dancing flute-time, Thee—my living spring!

LXXXVIII

A LL day, all night, I cry to Thee,
O God of my salvation!
I pray; incline Thine ear to me,
In my soul's desolation!
My life goes down to Sheol's door,
I count as one that lives no more,—
One banished from creation.

As one stretched stark among the dead,
The slain who lie undated,
To lowest pit my feet are led,
As those Thy hand hath fated.
Deep in the depths of darkest sea
Thy heavy anger presseth me,
With all Thy billows weighted.

Familiar friends are all gone by,
To love no more. They shun me.
I am shut up in walls so high
That no light shines upon me.
Mine eyes are melted. What a wretch
Daily his hands toward Thee doth stretch!
My God, Thou hast undone me!

Wilt Thou do wonders for the dead,—
Those shades arise to own Thee?
Shall Thy love in the grave be said,
Or faith, in Sheol, shown Thee?
Shall marvels in that dark upstand,
Or in that strange forgetful land
Thy righteousness enthrone Thee?

I cry! Jehovah, hear my dole!
Dawn greets Thee with mine ailing.
Why wilt Thou cast away my soul,—
Thy face hide, unavailing?
Thy terrors crowd me! Oh, have ruth!
I am distracted from my youth,—
My very life is failing.

Thine anger lieth hard on me,
Thy horrors have astounded,
About they rise in one vast sea,
All day am I surrounded.
I drown in this deep misery,
Lover and friend put far from me,
By darkness only bounded.

LXXXIX

WHAT loving kindness do I mind,
That tide nor time can sever!
I will proclaim Thy faithful Name,
Thy care built up forever.
Its heaven-deep foundations keep
Thy covenant with David;—
“*Thy race stands fast while ages last,
Thy throne shall aye be savèd.*”

Thy wondrous ways high Heaven shall praise,—
That holy convocation.
In all the skies who with Thee vies
For awesome adoration?
The sons of might pale in that light
Where Thy decrees are spoken;
JAH! who may be compared with Thee
In faithfulness unbroken?

THOU rulest free the boisterous sea,
Its tossing surges stillest,
Hast Rahab slain and all amain
To fight Thy foemen wildest.
The worlds that shine, their fulness Thine,
By Thee securely founded,
The Earth's wide bars, the swarming stars,
Thy wisdom hath surrounded.

The South and North Thou didst bring forth,
Tabor with Hermon standing
Rejoice to swell Thy name and tell
The Arm their power commanding.
Thy loving ruth and lofty truth
Attendant wait before Thee.
Justice and right in pillared might
About Thy throne adore Thee.

They will abound who know the sound,
In light before Thee streaming,
Who all day long uplift Thy song,
Set high by Thy redeeming.
Thy glory bright sustains their might,—
Exalted in Thy favor.
God is our guard and Israel's ward,
Her Holy One doth save her.

Once to Thine own the Vision shown:—
“Of mighty men observant,
I chose Me one to take the throne,
I found David My servant.
Him I anointed to My point.
My hand and arm shall take him.
No son of sin shall close him in,
Nor cruel wrong unmake him.

I will discrown and break them down !
While faith and love delivers,
His hand shall be upon the sea,
His right hand on the rivers.
'*My Father!*' aye, to Me his cry,—
'*Thou Rock of my salvation!*'
As My firstborn I raise him high
O'er kings of every nation.

My love all pure, while I endure,—
A fast-set covenant given,—
Shall bid for aye his seed upstay,
Throned as the days of Heaven.
If child forsake My law, betake
To wrong, My ways no more fare;
Then I, their God, by stripe and rod
Will visit them with warfare.

Yet what I spake I will not break,
Nor falsely deal, nor falter,
My league with him I will not dim,
Nor My lips' utterance alter.
In holiness I swear to bless;
Let David know My fitness;
His line shall bide as Sun enskied,—
While Moon doth bear her witness."

But Moon and Sun have set! Undone,
Rejected, Thine anointed!
Thou hast abhorred Thy covenant, Lord!
That glory disappointed!
His hedge and crown are trampled down
And all by-passers plunder.
Those strongholds high in ruins lie,
His neighbors' scornful wonder.

The claws of foes about him close.
Those gladdened adversaries
His sword's bright edge did blunt. The wedge
Of battle him bewearies.
His splendors end ; for Thou dost bend
His throne down to the gravel,
Nor dost refrain his youth to drain
And load with shame and travail !

What years betide while Thou dost hide,—
Thy hot wrath unabated !
To what a naught my life is brought !
Why was I e'er created ?
No living man but death doth scan
And Sheol draw him downright !
Where is that love late pledged to prove
Thy truth to David's crown-right ?

See, Lord, the guile this bitter while !
Thy liegeman's desolations !
What throes my bosom undergoes
From contumelious nations !
It was *Thy* name they did defame,
Bemocking Thine anointed ;
Yet we adore Thee evermore,—
Amen with Amen jointed !

XC

THRO all time past, O Lord, as now,
In every generation,
Before the mountains bared their brow,
Or Thy vast world's creation,
Thy life eternity hath trod,
From everlasting Thou art God,
Our endless habitation.

“Back to the dust, ye sons of men !”
Thy word to mortals given ;
For in Thy sight, when they have been,
A thousand years have striven
To silence. But one yesterday
And all that was is passed away, —
’Tis but a night-watch riven.

The flood of Time sweeps on to doom
And death’s deep sleep lies over.
The morning hath the ripening bloom, —
Evening the withered clover.
By Thy stroke are we terrified
And all the secret sins we hide
Thy presence doth uncover.

Our years are but a meagre sigh,
Our days spent in Thine anger !
Three-score-and-ten, — life goeth by ;
Or if our powers are stronger,
Four-score maybe : the best they bring
Is vain ; they end and we take wing
And here are known no longer.

And yet we heed not Thy stern strength,
Nor Thy due fear we measure.
Oh teach us so to span life’s length
That we Thy wisdom treasure !
Have mercy on Thy servants, Lord,
At very dawn Thy love afford,
That we may sing Thy pleasure.

For these afflicting days give cheer,
Offset our years of sorrow.
Thy plan to us and ours appear,
Our pain Thy glory borrow.
On us let God His grace command,
Establish Thou our work in hand
And grant Thy joyful morrow.

HE dwells in God's most secret place,
Beneath the Almighty's shadow hides,
Who saith—“*My refuge Thine embrace,*
My God, in Whom my life confides.”

He will deliver from the snare,
From all destroying pestilence,
His oversheltering pinions care
For thee, His wings be thy defence.

His truth thy shield, thou shalt not fear
The dark, nor the day arrow's flight,
The scourge that stalks at midnight drear,
Nor pain that wastes in noon's broad light.

A thousand at thy side may fall,
A myriad at thy right hand: yet
It shall not come nigh thee at all;
Thou shalt but see what sin doth get.

Jehovah, Thou my sheltering wall!
Since thou hast made thy God thy home,
No evil shall thy case befall,
Nor any plague upon thee come.

For He shall give His angel bands
Their charge to warden all thy quests;
They shall upbear thee in their hands,
Lest stumbling-stone thy foot arrests.

On lions thou shalt set the knee
And serpents under foot be trod;
“*Because he set his love on Me,*
He shall be holpen of his God.”

Who knows My name shall stand on high.
He calls,—I answer. Troubles go.
I honor, save and satisfy,
With long life My salvation show.”

GOOD is it to give thanks to God
And to His name make melody,
At dawn to show His love abroad,—
Each night His full fidelity.

With psaltery keen and decachord
And the sweet harp's soft murmuring
Gladly I tell Thy deeds, O Lord,
With joy Thy handiwork I sing.

How great Jehovah's wonders show!
Deep beyond measure Thou hast planned
What brutish men can never know,
Nor foolishness can understand.

When miscreants flourish as the grass
And evil prospers, rank and tall,
Swift on them shall destruction pass;
It ministers their final fall.

For Thou, Jehovah, art on high.
Eternally contumacies
Shall scattered be. Behold, they die
Who meditate iniquities!

Thou dost in courage lift my soul,
With holy oil anoint my head;
No more mine eyes the wicked thole,
Assailants all are torn and fled.

The good shall spring like the date-palm,
As Lebanon's cedars stately grow.
Emplanted in Thy house of balm
The courts of God their blossoms show.

Still in old age their fruit they bear
And shall be green and full of sap,
To show Jehovah's faithful care,
In Whose strong guard is ne'er mishap.

XCIII

ENROBED with majesty Jehovah reigns,
Begirt with might; so the world standeth fast.
Unshaken Thy deep-founded throne remains.
From old Thou art. Eternity Thou hast.

The floods have lifted up their voice, O Lord,
The bellowing storms have roughly challenged Thee:
Thou didst abash their tumult when they roared,
More mighty than the loud-resounding sea.

Than all the glorying breakers of the deep
More glorious is Jehovah! Them to quell,
Thy certain testimonies Thou wilt keep
And in Thy holy tabernacle dwell.

XCIV

FORTH outshining, God of vengeance,
Lift Thyself to judge the world!
Render pride's desert, Jehovah,
Let the varlets sheer be hurled!
Shall it triumph,—
All their insolence unfurled?

They belch forth their oaths of boasting,
They browbeat Thy heritage,
Slay the widow, orphan, stranger,
Crush Thy people in their rage,
Say—"JAH *sees not*":
God of Jacob, heed their gage!

Understand, ye brutish people!
Fools, when will ye wiser be?
God, that made the ear, doth hear not!—
Formed the eye, but cannot see!
He that searcheth
Knows man's thought is vanity.

Blessèd is that man, Jehovah,
Whom Thou duly chastenest!
In Thy law is he instructed
And in evil days hath rest,
Till the pit digged
For the wicked hath its guest!

God will not cast off His people,
Nor His heritage forsake.
Equity shall come to judgment,
Not one upright heart shall shake.
He ariseth,
Stand upon my side to take.

'Gainst these desperate deeds of envy,
Unless God had been my stay,
Soon my soul had dwelt in silence,
Soon my foot had given way:
All distracted,
Thou wast my hope's one bright ray.

Can the throne of abjects share Thee,
Venting edicts 'gainst the good,
Sentencing the pure and blameless,
Banded militant for blood?—
Ah, Jehovah
As my battlement hath stood!

Yea, God is my rock of refuge
And He bringeth back on them
All their scandalous transgressions.
He their impudence doth hem.
Let Jehovah
Wear the victor's diadem!

XCV

DRAW near, lift up a joyful song;
Salvation's citadel is He,
Our God! With full thanksgivings throng
And shout His Name triumphantly.

O'er all the King, our God is great.
Earth knows the tenure of His hand.
He did the treasuring hills create.
The sea is His. He built the land.

Come let us worship and bow down
And kneel before our Maker, God!
We are His flock and joyful own
The leadings of our Shepherd's rod.

Oh, let us hear His voice, nor stray
From Him, as in the wilderness
Our fathers tempted Him alway
And certified His holiness.

*“Long forty years for them I grieved,—
Those wanderers! In My wrath I sware,—
They have not in My rest believed
And they shall never enter there.”*

XCVI

SING to God a new song,
Earth, bless thou His name.
Sing to God a true song,
Daily grace proclaim.
Tell among the nations
All His glorious meed;
Worthy acclamations,
God is God indeed.

Other gods before Him
Are but things of naught.
Let our souls adore Him
Who the heavens wrought.

Majesty and honor
Do His house enfold,
Beauty hath upon her
Stateliness untold.

Render God, ye kindreds,
Strength, your glory bring;
Whosoever sin dreads,
Bear His offering.
Holy thine array be,
Humble be thy fear,
All thou Earth, in duty
To His fane draw near.

He thy word demandeth,—
“*God doth reign alone*”!
So the great world standeth,
Not to be o'erthrown.
With one glad emotion
Earth and sky rejoice,
While the sounding ocean
Giveth back his voice.

Field and forest, dancing,
Answer in their joy,
All therein enhancing
Praise, with one employ;
For Jehovah cometh
To His judgment-throne,
Every evil doometh
Wherein men now groan.

XCVII

QUITE doth God reign! Let all the Earth speak out
And its great multitude of isles be glad.
Darkness and clouds encompass Him about:
But His throne ever right and justice had.

Before Him goeth a devouring flame,
His spikes of lightning lit the world, He racks
His enemies thro all its startled frame,
The mountains at His presence melt like wax.

The blazing skies bespoke His righteousness.
His splendors all the quivering nations saw.
The proud and shamed idolatries have distress.
Down, ye false gods, before His holy awe!

Zion rejoices, Judah's daughters laugh,
Knowing Thy triumph over all these odds;
For THOU o'er all the Earth dost wield Thy staff,
And greatly disenthroneth its false gods.

Ye that hate wrong, that love and are beloved,
Rescued from ill He guards you as His own;
If His memorial Name your faith hath proved,
Light for your upright hearts in joy is sown.

XCVIII

LIFT up to God a great new song;
For things of marvel He hath done.
His holy arm and right hand strong
Salvation's victory have won.

He hath made His deliverance known
To all who on His goodness lean,
His faithfulness to Israel shown
And all the ends of Earth have seen.

Shout to Jehovah, sing, rejoice,
Break forth, thou Earth! with smiting chords,
Harp, trumpet, melody, psalm, voice,
Your hallel to the Lord of lords!

Let the sea roar and all its tracts,
The world and all therein that dwell;
Oh, clap your hands, ye cataracts,
Ye hills, for joy the chorus swell!

Jehovah comes in holy state,
Tribune of all the Earth to be.
He will assign the world its fate
And show its tribes His equity.

XCIX

JEHOVAH reigneth; let the nations shake!
Enthroned above the cherubim is He,
Supreme and terrible. Let all Earth quake:
But Zion hymn His mystic sovereignty.

Thou art that King whose strength 't is to love right.
Judgment and equity on Thee attend.
Thou doest evenly in Jacob's sight.
Exalt Him! At God's holy footstool bend!

Moses and Aaron, Samuel of old,
Besought His name and God His answer sent.
From the cloud pillar words of power He told.
They kept His statutes whereaway they went.

Thine was the answer, Thine the favor shown,
Thine were the penalties on all misdeeds.
O ye high mountains, build Jehovah's throne!
Holy is He and highest praise exceeds.

C

MAKE jubilation, all ye lands!
Your glad allegiance bring;
For your Lord God high praise commands,
The one immortal King.

He hath made us and His we are,
The flock of His own care;
Flow to His gates from near and far,
Those courts of praise and prayer.

Uplift your thanks and for His Name
Bless Him, forever good,
Whose mercy, evermore the same,
From age to age hath stood.

CI

JUDGMENT and mercy give me wings
To Thee, my God! I pluck the strings.
Wisely my soul behaves to Thee;
Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me!

A heart and house at peace assure.
Let no vile thing mine eyes allure.
The work of them that turn aside
Cleaves not to me, in shame bewried.

Let frowardness from me go by,
The ravin and the falsity.
The secret slander, scowl of spite,
Will I not know: but void them quite.

Upon the faithful of the land
Mine eyes are set. These have my hand.
Serve me shall he and dwell anigh
Who treadeth ever uprightly.

Bid black deceivers quit my door;
The truthless man mine eyes abhor.
Such night-growths let each dawn efface,
To purge Thy city of disgrace.

CII

WHAT deep and sorrowing years my soul enshroud!
I pour my prayer and plaint from out their cloud.
My lamentation, O Jehovah, hear!
To Whom my ravished spirit cries aloud.

Hide not Thy face in this distressful day;
Incline Thine ear most speedily, I pray;
For all my days are vanished in the smoke
And as by fire my bones are burned away.

My heart is withered grass amid the stones,
By all my cries my skin sticks to my bones,
In sorrow I forget to eat my bread,
Like owls', amid old ruins, are my moans.

My wakeful eyes burn. Like a sparrow there,
Nestless, alone, upon the housetop bare,
All the long day mine enemies revile,—
Me '*the accursed*' with raving oaths declare.

My very crust like tasteless ashes grown,
My thirsty cup with mingled tears is strewn,
Because Thine indignation and Thy wrath
But lifted me that I might down be thrown!

My days are lengthening shadows on dried grass!
Yet Thy memorial throne shall never pass;
Thou wilt arise, Thy Zion reinstate;
Thy set time comes to end this long "*Alas*"!

Thy servants yearn for her rebuilt walls,
For all her dust distress upon them falls.
Oh, might the nations fear Jehovah's name,
While every king of Earth Thy glory calls!

When God restoreth Zion in His might,
Once more appearing in His glorious right,
Then shall the destitute see Him interrupt
The wrong, forgetting not their prayer and plight.

This shall be written for the age to be,
A people yet unborn shall praise, that He
Hath bended from His holy height in Heaven
Down clear to Earth, its need of God to see,

The sighing of the prisoner to hear,
To loose the sentenced and to give good cheer
In great Jerusalem, His name to tell
Till to His service all mankind draws near.

He hath brought down my strength this weary way,
He hath foreshortened my beclouded day.
My God, destroy not Thou my but half life,
Thou Whose enduring being is for aye!

Erstwhile Thou didst this big world underbuild,
The heavens, Thy handiwork, by Thee were willed :
They all like changing vesture wear away,
They perish : **THOU** art endlessly fulfilled.

Time's garments go : but Thou art still the same.
Thy years shall have no end ; they come, they came.
Thy servants and their children shall abide,
Their offspring be established in Thy Name.

CIII

BLESS the Lord, O soul of mine !
All within me praise His name ;
Since from Him this life of thine,
Ne'er forget His mercies' claim.

He forgiveth all thy sin,
Healeth thine infirmities ;
Where then would thy life have been
Had redemption not been His ?

Tender mercy crowneth thee,
Love's own gentle ministry
Hath thy prime with good bestrewed,
Eagle-like, thy youth renewed.

All His deeds in righteousness
Them implead who men oppress.
Moses knew those ways full well,
When God cherished Israel.

In the abundance of His love,
Tho long time His anger strove,
He hath not done for our sin
What dour wrong deserved to win.

High as Heaven above the Earth,
His deep grace exceeds our worth.
Far as East is from the West
Hath He laid our fears to rest.

As a pitying father hears,
So our God His children cheers ;
For He knoweth whence we came,
He remembereth our frame.

As for man, how short his doom !
As a field-flower's fragile bloom ;
One bleak breath of air,— 't is flown
And its place no longer known.

But God's everlasting love
Is not brittle, doth not move.
Children's children that dear will
Of His covenant fulfil.

Far above His throne is set ;
Nothing can His Kingdom let.
Mighty angels round Him stand,
Ordinate to His command.

All that hearkening holy fold
Ministers a song untold.
His dominions all rejoice ;
Bless this Lord, my soul and voice !

CIV

PRAISE God, my soul, Who is so bright !
Clad in a glory naught can dim,
His robe is the all-mantling light,
The outspread skies encurtain Him.

His chambering beams the waters bind,
He drives His chariot of cloud,
He walketh on the wings of wind,
His message flames with thunders loud.

The courses of the Earth He laid,
So naught might move that masonry,
Its ocean garment wove and stayed
Above the mountains one vast sea.

At Thy rebuke those waters shrank,
The shock of Thy voice bade them haste,
The hills came forth, the valleys sank
Within the boundaries Thou hadst placed.

Springs to the valleys He doth send,
From out the mountain clefts they burst,
And thereto every beast doth wend,
So the wild cattle quench their thirst.

Aloft the birds of heaven nest
And all among the branches sing,
The rains are from Thy treasures pressed,
The happy land doth fruitage bring.

For beasts, wild grassy refuges,
For man, herbs, wine, oil, bread, God gives.
He nourisheth the deep-set trees,
Where every wingèd creature lives.

Moon-change and Sun mark month and day.
'T is night; life stirs the forest floor;
Then the young lions seek their prey
And for their food to God they roar.

The dawn returns; again they hide,
To lay them down in covert den,
While all the world till eventide
Is given to the tasks of men.

How manifold, O Lord, Thy works,
So wisely wrought with life to brim,—
That broad sea-meadow wherein lurks
Such teeming number, strange and grim.

There go the ships and there range free
The huge dark forms Thou fashionest;
All these are looking unto Thee
For food and each one is God's guest.

Thou givest and they take. Thy hand
Thou openest and they are filled.
They pine, they die, when Thy command
Averts to dust what once was willed.

CREATOR SPIRIT, Who dost make
Renewing seasons own Thee such,
Under Thine eyes the Earth doth shake,
The mountains smoke beneath Thy touch.

Whileas I live I sing Thy ways;
My sweetest utterance be Thine!
Let sin shrink back before Thy praise,
Bless God, my soul; this God is mine!

CV

ZION, call Jehovah's name!
Let all kindreds know His fame.
Sing to Him melodiously.
Meditate how wondrous He!

GLORY! Let the hearts that seek
Him rejoice! His face bespeak.
Every word and wonder heed,
Ye of Abraham's chosen seed.

This whole Earth His judgments hears,
Covenant of a thousand years,
Oath confirmed forevermore,
Sure as Canaan's promised shore.

Unto many a nation sent,
Few and strangers once they went.
Those who wronged them God reproved,—
“*Touch not, hurt not My beloved*”!

Once did landwide famine wake,
Every staff of bread He brake.
On before He sent the man
Joseph, who a slave began.

Iron bound his feet and soul,
Till his time came: when the whole
Word of God declared him true,
Pharaoh would his bonds undo.

Freed, lieutenant of the realm,
To his hand was given the helm,
Binding princes at his word,—
Senates his instruction heard.

Then to dwell in Egypt's land
Jacob came with household band.
There was Israel undenied,
Till his strength was multiplied.

Then Egyptian envy woke,
Then was laid the cruel yoke.
Moses next and Aaron's rod
Wrought the tokens of their God.

Darkness, blood, those horrors ten,
Smote the stubborn masters! Then
Terror broke upon the land,—
Israel marched 'neath God's right hand.

Them that covering cloud o'erspread,
Fiery light before them led,
Bread God gave them and the rock
Gushed in floods at Moses' knock.

Well remembering His word,
Thus this people God preferred,
Brought them out His own to be,
Waked that singing by the Sea!

So did God His flock translate,
So their rest did reinstate,
That to His law they might cling;—
Therefore Hallelu Jah sing!

H ALLELU JAH! God is good;
 Long His mercies have outstood.
 Who can all His acts relate,—
 Might and praise commemorate?

Happy they His wisdom deep
 And His mandates ever keep!
 With that old-time favor, He
 As His own will visit me.

So the great prosperity
 Of Thy chosen may I see,—
 With Thy glad inheritance
 Banners of Thy grace advance.

Sinned we as our fathers did,
 Doing all Thy words forbid;
 Would not Thine entreaties heed,
 Nor Thy mediatorial deed.

At the Red Sea they rebelled,
 Yet God's grace their danger quelled;
 There, to show Jehovah saves,
 Bade the dry land break those waves.

Thro those depths He led them on;
 They beheld the enslaver gone.
 Backward rolled the cloven flood,—
 Not one outland plunderer stood!

Then awhile they Him believed,
 Little while His praise achieved:
 But full soon their God forgot,
 On His counsel waited not.

Greedily their hungering lust
 In those barrens tried the Just;
 So He granted what they willed,
 But withal a soul unfilled!

Moses', Aaron's, leadership
They disdained with ugly lip ;
So consuming fire outbroke
And the ground ate up that folk.

Yet they made an idol feast,
Bartering Glory for a beast,
God, their Saviour, disavowed,
To a molten calf they bowed !

Then belike had been their last,
Had not Moses himself cast
In the breach, that fatal wrath
To avert from Israel's path !

Wild, despising, upstart still,
Reprobate against God's will,—
Till His hand uplifted sware
He would end them then and there !

Child and man undo them quite,
Scatter them from out His sight !
Give them Baal for their head,—
Sacrificing to the dead !

For this all-provoking sin
Sudden pestilence brake in :
Phineas stood up undismayed,
At his spear-point plague was stayed.

Count that righteousness for him,
Never let his story dim.
Meribah again wrought wrath,
So their sake was Moses' scath.

Nor did they their foes condemn,
As Jehovah said to them :
But, commingling, God they spurned,
All those wiles of darkness learned,

Crouched to idols ; in the snares
Of the demons, slew their heirs,
In that impious pretence
Shed the blood of innocents.

Thus the very land did rot,
Till Jehovah's wrath grew hot ;—
Vile, abhorred, He set their fate
To be ruled by alien hate.

Thus oppression overwent,
Till beneath its hand they bent.
Many times did God restore,
Many times they sinned the more.

Yet He heard their wailing sore,
For His covenant's sake forbore,
By His great relenting grace
'Mong their captors showed His face.

O our God, Thy bondmen save !
Gather back each weary slave !
We thereby Thy Name will give
Thanks triumphant while we live !

Blessèd God of Israel !
Timeless ages of Thee tell.
HALLELU JAH ! and again
All Thy people say AMEN !

CVII

THANKS unto God ! His goodness show,
Whose love for aye will last.
Let the redeemed of God say so ;
Down He their foes hath cast.
Yea, He hath gathered into rest
From all lands by His mouth,
From out the East and out the West
And from the North and South.

In pathless wastes they wandered far,
They found no place to dwell,
Ahungered and athirst they were,
Down, faint of heart, they fell.
Betroubled then to God they pled
From bleak distress to save ;
So by a right way them He led
And habitation gave.

Oh, that the sons of men would rise
To bless what Wonder wills !
The longing soul He satisfies,
With good the hungry fills.
They who in Death's frore shadows dwell,
In iron misery,
Because from God they did rebel
And would uncounseled be,

Have their life bowed with tasks so great
That helpless they fall down,
Then in their woe they supplicate
And God withdraws His frown.
He brought them out of night and brake
Apart the bonds of doom ;
Oh, that men would God's praises wake
And give His great love room.

For He burst thro the gates of brass
And smote the iron bars :
Tho fools do still in sin o'erpass,
While suffering guilty scars.
At last they cry to God ! To heal
He to their dangering flies.
Shall gratitude not ever seal
His great forbearances ?

They that do business on the deep
And ship to sail the sea,
These all Jehovah's works do keep
In wondering memory ;
For they have felt the stormy blast,
The wild waves riding high
To nethermost abyss have cast
And flung them to the sky.

Their souls before the danger bend.
Like drunken, staggering men
They reel and are at their wit's end :
They call Jehovah then.
He silences the storm. His will
Soothes that hoarse surge to sleep ;
Then are they glad when all is still
And safe to port they creep.

Indeed should such God's love declare,
So providently wrought,—
Exalt Him in the assembly where
His counsels are besought.
A fruitful wold at His command
Becomes a desert bare
And salt and barren is the land
When evil dwelleth there.

But water-springs return again
And tillage hath reward
And fertile fields and happy men
His blessings do afford.
Thro God they multiply and thrive,
Their cattle-herds increase ;
Then in alternate loss they strive,
While no misfortunes cease.

On princes He outpours contempt,
Their desert exile mocks,
He sets the poor, from wrong exempt,
In families like flocks.
The upright see. Their joy upsprings,
While evil lips go dumb.
Let wise men ponder all these things;
For God's love is their sum.

CVIII

MY steadfast heart, O God, to Thee
In chords of song is drawn.
Let harp and lute right gloriously
Arouse the very dawn!

All peoples shall Thy praises hear,—
My choral sacrifice;
Great is Thy truth from sphere to sphere,
Thy mercies scale the skies.

Above the heavens sustainèd, Thou
O'er all the Earth dost stand;
Deliver Thy belovèd now
And save by Thy right hand.

What God in holiness hath said
Will I exulting bide;
Great hills the helmet of my head,
The valleys I divide.

Help us against the enemy;
For man is vain! 'T is God,
Thro Whom we shall do valiantly,
Hath down the invader trod.

CIX

BE Thou not silent Whom I chant!
Deceitful mouths against me prate.
Their veering tongues upon me vaunt,
Environing with braggart hate.

Albeit no cause, their fight they make,
Withstanding all that my love would,
While I to prayer myself betake,
They requite wrath and wrong for good.

No cruel rod to him begrudge,
The adversary close him in,
Let him go guilty from his judge,
His very prayer become a sin !

His days be few, his office fled,
His orphans and his widow roam
As vagabonds, to beg their bread,
Evicted from their ruined home !

The usurer all he hath ensnare,
Aliens strip clean all he doth earn,
None do him kindness anywhere,
No pity toward his orphans yearn.

Be his posterity cut down,
In a short time blot out their name,
For his sire's sin, Jehovah, frown,
Nor e'er forget his mother's shame !

Let God take care that evermore
From out the Earth their memory dies ;
Since to show kindness he forbore,
Pursued his fellows' miseries,

Need and heartbreak, unto the death !
He loved a curse ; on him it came.
Sorry his lot, such guile who saith ;
Cursing his garment,—give that same !

It was his drink and marrow ; let
It be his robe and girdling belt ;
Such doom may godless fury get,
Which on my life its mischief dealt.

But for Thy name's sake, Lord, confer
Thy help ! Be good to me ! Surround
And love Thy needy sufferer,
Whose heart within is one great wound.

A lengthening shadow hence I go,—
A locust driven on the storm.
These tottering knees my fasting show
And gaunt is all my flesh and form.
I their byword! They toss their head;
On their effrontery show Thy hand!
Let them taunt on, if THOU instead
Dost bless. Shame that atrocious band.
Utter disgrace shall wrap them round,
While mid the multitude ascend
My songs! The wrongful to confound,
God stands the poor man's right-hand friend.

CX

UNTO my Lord Jehovah spake,—
“*At my right hand sit Thou*
Until, Thy footstool, I do make
Thine enemies to bow.
Forth out of Zion God decrees
The sceptre of Thy reign,
Amid these harsh insurgencies
Dominion Thou shalt gain.

Thy willing people are not few
In Thy great mustering day.
Come, as from womb of dawn the dew,
Thy youths in white array.
For God hath sworn and He will reck,
“*In Thee shall be increased*
The order of Melchizedec,—
Eternal King and Priest.”

At Thy right hand Adonai smote
Thro kings, in that red day.
The deemster of the nations wrote
In deaths His onward sway.

Wide lands across He undertook
To flay their princes, sped
His war, drank of the brook
And passed with lifted head.

CXI

H ALLELU JAH! Thus I bring
My whole-hearted offering,
Where the faithful congregate ;
For Jehovah's works are great.

All who love Him these have sought,
With supreme effulgence fraught.
Evermore His truth stands fast ;
Heed His wonders to the last !

Tender, all-compassionate,
Feeding them who on Him wait,
He His bond-word will not quit ;
His own power is sealed in it.

So His chosen, by His gage,
Take the heathen's heritage.
Verity attends His hand,
Endlessly His precepts stand.

Great redemptions He hath sent,
To His children's deep content.
All who Him thereat obey
Know His praise endures for aye.

CXII

N OW Hallelu Jah! Blessed is that man
Who, God his goal, delights in His decrees ;
His mighty offspring shall the broad Earth span,
Their upright generation will God please.

Honor and wealth shall be his sure supplies,
His good name flourish everlasting, —
Light in the darkness shall for him arise,
For his unfeignèd grace and honesty.

Well is it with the generous and free ;
Before the judge he shall not lose his case,
Rudely abandoned he shall never be,
Lasting remembrance shall his virtues trace.

Tidings of ill shake not his constant heart,
Upheld and fearless, his desire hath power ;
Who to the needy freely did impart
Uninterrupted stands to the last hour.

His forehead shall with honor be arrayed,
While sight of him doth insolence perplex ;
They snap their teeth, but into nothing fade ;
Their evil machinations God will vex.

CXIII

JEHOVAH ! O Jehovah !
Unto that name be praise !
Shout unto that Jehovah,
To everlasting days !
From sundawn unto sundown
And high above all lands,
Above the heavens, in glory
His holy leaguer stands.

From those celestial dwellings
He stoops toward Earth and sky,
He raiseth up the wretched
And sets the abased high,
To share the seat of princes.
The joyful mothers He
Surroundeth with their families.
Now praised Jehovah be !

CXIV

WHEN Jacob out of Egypt trod,—
That land of alien accents,—well
Was Judah made the house of God
And His dominion Israel.

The Sea discerned its God and fled,
Jordan turned backward to his rills,
The mountains leaped like things in dread,—
Like frightened lambs the dancing hills.

O Sea, what aileth thee? What smites
Thee, Jordan, to that backward flow?
Ye quaking hills and shivering heights,
That like a scattering sheepflock go?

Well dost thou tremble at thy God
And in His presence shake, thou Earth!
Who smote the flint-rock with His rod,
To give the water-fountains birth.

CXV

NOT unto us, Jehovah! Thine alone,
Not ours, the glory love and truth have brought.
Wherefore that impious, heathen, monotone?—
“Their God is come to naught!”

Our God in Heaven hath done what seemed Him fit:
Their idols,—silver, gold,—are dolls, decoys;
Their mouths are dumb, their eyes are blind, no whit
They hear,—insensate toys!

They smell not, touch not, walk not, nor breathe out
Thro their dry throats. All they that make them are
Become as they are. So them God shall flout
Who trust their baleful star.

O house of Israel, God thy help and shield!
O house of Aaron, on Jehovah stay!
Ye that do fear God, trust Him, Who doth wield
His blessed help alway.

He blesseth all that fear Him, great and small.
Their house is His. He addeth more to more.
You and your children doth Jehovah call,
Together to adore.

Maker of Earth and Heaven, to Him they bow.
The heavens are God's, His Earth to man He gave.
The dead praise not; so bless Jehovah now,
Nor wait the silent grave.

CXVI

I LOVE the Lord; for He did mind
My supplicating cry.
Because He hath to me inclined,
Long as I live will I
Call on His Name; for when death came,
To bind and torture me,
In anguish thralled, on God I called,—
I cast my soul on Thee!

So good, so great, compassionate,
He doth the simple save.
Low was I brought, until He wrought
To pluck me from the grave.
Return unto thy goal, my soul;
Abundant was His stead.
From fears, from tears, complete, my feet
The land of life shall tread.

Once in my harm and deep alarm
I said—“*All men untrue!*”
But now I know and I must show
What very God can do.
What shall I render to that Friend
Whose benefits so came?
Salvation's cup will I lift up
And call Jehovah's name.

Oh, let me in His house begin
My tearful vows to Him;
'Tis in His sight a thing not slight
That death His loved should dim.

Thy servant I, O Lord, do cry,—
Thy handmaid's very son;
Thy loving hands have broke my bands
And all my heart have won.

So not with knells the holy bells
Bid me to sacrifice!
With clearest lyre, amid Thy choir
My gratitude shall rise.
Oh, let me share God's praises there
Where all His people throng!
Unto Thy courts my soul resorts,
Jerusalem, with song.

CXVII

H ALLELU JAH! All ye nations,
Kingdoms all, His glory laud!
Mightily His consummations
Have revealed the truth of God.
HALLELU JAH!
Ever lives the love of God!

CXVIII

O H, give ye thanks to God; for He is good.
His loving sanctions have eternal stood;
Israel, Aaron, praise Him as ye should,
Forevermore.

Plunged in distress, I to Jehovah cried.
Constrained for mine enlargement, He replied.
What can man harm, if God is on my side
Forevermore?

My Helper shall malevolence defeat.
No man-made prince is such a sure retreat.
None but Jehovah is a refuge meet
Forevermore!

Let them surround me,—swarms of angry bees:
Like fire of thorns shall they be quenched. I seize
Jehovah, to cut off mine enemies
Forevermore.

His valiant right hand makes me joyful dwell.
I shall not die, but live His works to tell.
He chastened sore: but death did foil and quell
Forevermore.

Open to me the gates of righteousness;
There will I enter and Jehovah bless.
This is the door to which the upright press
Forevermore.

I praise Thee for Thine answering mercy shown;
That which the foolish builders by had thrown
Now hath become the very cornerstone
Forevermore.

In our eyes marvellous is God's decree.
This is the day He made; glad let it be!
Save, we beseech Thee! Send prosperity
Forevermore.

Blessèd are they who in God's Name arise!
His house shall greet them. He doth light their eyes.
Bind to the altar-horns the sacrifice,
Forevermore.

Thou art my God; my thanks to Thee outpour.
My God! Thy goodness ever is secure
And all Thy mercy's fulness shall endure
Forevermore.

CXIX

A MAN is blest who in God's way doth go;
God keeps them whole who well His wisdom know,
Nor Him abjure. So they no evil do,
Who tread those paths and steadfastly pursue
Thy testimonies; since Thou, Lord, hast said
That such shall have their steps established.
In unashamed obedience, Thy commands
I learn and do, entirely in Thy hands.

BY giving to Thy word his thought, his way
Youth shall scour clean, nor ever go astray.
With single heart have I sought Thee, I heard
And deeply treasured up Thy holy word.
That I sin not against Thee, oh, do Thou
Infix Thy will in me! Instruct me how
My joyful lips Thy riches may recount,
On Thy delightsome ordinance upward mount.

GIVE grace, that I Thy servant ever be,
To hang upon Thy lips continually.
Open mine eyes to see Thy glowing law.
Hide not from this poor pilgrim, nor withdraw
Thy promises,—my longing soul denied
Of that which so rebuketh wambling pride.
Roll back the arrayed conspiracy and spite.
Be Thy decrees my counsel and delight.

DO Thou reclaim, Whose all-pure word I trust,
This soul corrupted to the very dust!
My sins I own. Teach me; my loins go faint.
Remove from me each withering falsehood's taint.
To me, in grace, Thy widening law unfold;
Its accents all my heaviness uphold.
Cleaving to Thee, oh, put me not to smart!
I run Thy ways, if Thou enlarge my heart.

HOW may I keep Thy rule unto the end,
Unless Thou dost mine understanding mend?
In Thy path help me on, therein to love it,
Incline my will to law and not to covet.
Turn off mine eyes from studying vanity;
Thy ways impart vitality to me.
Confirm that speech which tendeth to Thy fear.
Repel the mocker and my longing cheer.

VINDICATE, Lord, Thy tale of saving love,
That I, faith-whole, may utter proof thereof,
Nor from my silenced mouth Thy pledge withdraw :
But let me plod my way in humble awe.
Seeking Thy will, I walk at liberty,
While, unabashed, to Kings I speak of Thee.
Thy dear commandments mine inmost delight,
My hands I lift that I may read aright.

ZEAL for Thy plighted word hath taught me hope ;
So life can nevermore for comfort grope.
ZThe haughty ridicule :— I have not swerved,
But well Thine erstwhile judgments have observed.
Hot indignation stirs me at their wrong,
While still Thy statutes are my pilgrim song.
Thy Name remembering while others slept,
Unalterably Thy precepts have I kept.

HE shall my portion be to Whom I swear
To ward His cause, intreating His true care
With my whole heart. Be clement unto me,
Who have considered and turned full to Thee,
Hasting, delaying not, to know Thy mind,
Tho coils of wickedness about me wind.
Never forgetting, midnight songs I share
With all who fear and serve Thee everywhere.

THOU hast dealt well with me and proved Thy word ;
Make me discreet and resolute, O Lord !
I went astray until affliction taught :
But lead me now to heed Thee as I ought.
Upstarts a falsehood have against me forged,
While Thee I seek. Their heart is gross and gorged.
'T was good to learn Thy law. Once overbold :
Now it is more to me than store of gold.

JEHOVAH, Thy hands made and fashioned me;
Warrant that I may show my fealty.

Glad shall they be who find me in Thy fear;
True were Thy judgments, tho' Thy rod severe.
Thy consolations to Thy vassal give,
Let mercy visit me that I may live!
While base and biting lies my case subvert,
Good men shall find me blameless and unhurt.

KEEP Thou my fainting soul, Whose word is strong;
Mine eyes fail while they for Thy comfort long.
I shrivel like a wine-skin in the smoke.
Few are my days, by persecution broke.
The lofty and the lawless dig a pit
For me:—do Thou their causeless hate remit!
All but consumed, toward Thee still on I strive;
That I may do Thy will, my soul revive.

LORD, Thy word standeth firm as Heaven's dome,
Founded in truth the Earth abides Thy home,
Thine ordained Universe shall serve Thy will;
Parted from Thee, all else had wrought mine ill.
Never will I forget Thy quickening. Thine
Am I; oh, save me! Make Thy precepts mine.
Men sought mine end: but I Thy vision saw;
All things have limit, save Thy boundless law.

MINE inmost love in Thy law rests alway,
It is my meditation all the day.
'T is ever with me. Wisdom such it hath
That they seem fools who take another path.
Than all mine elders, teachers, have I more
Of light. It holds my feet from evil lore.
Teach THOU and guide; honey is not so sweet
As words that bid me hate each false conceit.

NIGHT is as noon, Thy word my lamp and light,
Sworn to Thy judgments, I will own Thy right.
Jehovah! I am in great suffering;
Oh, heal me! Take the free-will gift I bring.
Show me the way; my life is in my hand,
Ill snares relentlessly for me are planned.
A heritage of joy Thy statutes send;
Conform my heart to match them to the end.

SO do I hate the double-minded, yield
My love to Thee, my Hiding-place and Shield,
That in Thy word I hope. Begone from me,
Ye bitter men! To serve Thee perfectly,
Uphold, my God! Great promises I claim;
So never bring my confidence to shame.
All trick and dross Thou puttest far away;
Safe-held and heedful, I shall never stray.

AJUST and true man Thou wilt not forsake,—
Surety for good,—when loud waves o'er him break.
For Thy salvation's flat mine eyes fall;
Deal tenderly, be the one help of Thy thrall!
When they make void Thy law and tear the pledge,
'T is time for Thee to wield the battle wedge!
More Thy commandments to me than fine gold;
Supremely right, from falsehood they withhold.

PRECIOUS Thy testimonials in my sight;
To simple minds Thine opening words give light.
I catch my breath, with parted lips I long
That Thine old intimate way would make me strong.
Order my footsteps, lest sin rifle me.
Redeem from man's oppression. Let me be
Docile to God. Upon me Thy face shine;
Because men err from Thee hot tears are mine.

TIS Thou alone art sure in uprightness,
Exceeding faithful are those ways I bless.
Zeal hath consumed me that men have forgot
Thy well-tried words. Alas! they love them not.
Small and despised am I: yet well I know
That right is right forever. Be it so.
Pallid and anguished, still I cling to Thee,
Whom to know well is immortality.

KEPT quite of heart, O Lord, I summon Thee;
Deliver, in my soul's simplicity!
While dawn is dim I pray and Thee await,
Ere the night falls Thy word I meditate.
Oh, heed my litany! Thy love uphold,
While those far gone in sin wax overbold.
Draw nearer, nearer, Thou; Thy truth is sure;
Of old I learned 't is ever to endure.

RELEASE me from my piteous estate.
Plead Thou my cause, my life emancipate.
Far is Thy help from those who banish Thee:
But may Thy love benignly quicken me.
Accusers many lock my spirit in:
Yet will I waver not, for all their sin.
The practice of Thy presence hath become
My life, Thy permanent behest its sum.

SHUT up for truth's sake am I in their toils,
Yet gladly finding in Thy word great spoils.
The princely lies I abhor: but love alway
Thy law and praise Thee seven times a day.
Great peace have such. They stumble not nor fall,
Hope holding Thine engagements all in all.
My soul will not Thy testimonies slight;
For all my ways lie open in Thy sight.

TO Thee, O God, let my petition run
And mine entreaty seek no other one.

My lips pour forth this psalm of gratitude,
That Thou hast taught me and my heart subdued.
Let my tongue sing that Wisdom long declared
And that good Hand which for my safety cared.
For Thy recovering doth Thy lost sheep long.
Thy total truth claims one devoted song.

CXX

UNTO Jehovah, when afraid,
I sought and He replied ;
From lips and tongues that so betrayed
No help denied.

What doth He more requite, thou tongue,
What more upon thee rolls ?—
Sharp shafts whose retribution stung
And burning coals !

Alas, I dwell mid savage hordes
Who rasp my spirit sore ;
When peace is all my word affords,
They are for war.

CXXI

BEYOND the hills I lift mine eyes ;
My help is thence.
The Maker of the Earth and skies
Is my defence.

He suffereth not thy foot to slide,
Nor ever sleeps ;
Unslumbering care doth He provide,
Who Israel keeps.

Jehovah sheltereth thee alway,
At left and right,
So that the Sun smites not by day,
Nor Moon by night.

He from all evil thee will fend,
Thy soul stand o'er,
Thy going and thy coming tend,
Forevermore.

CXXII

WHEN they said—“*Let us to the house of God!*”
Did not my soul rejoice to go with them?
At last our feet, for the long journey shod,
Have stood within thy gates, Jerusalem!

Jerusalem! O city nobly set,
Compact together, where the tribes go up,—
The tribes of God,—thou Israel’s witness yet,
Where at Jehovah’s feet His children sup.

There sits the great tribunal, there the throne
Of David’s line,—God’s peace upon her be!
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! our own
Jerusalem! They prosper that love thee.

We pray for peace in her passover walls,
Bread in her palaces. On all the brood
Of friends and brethren benediction falls;
Yea, for God’s house’ sake I will seek thy good.

CXXIII

UNTO Thee I lift mine eyes,
Far enthroned above the skies.
As the man his master’s hand,
As the maid her mistress’, stand
We with eyes toward God, and thus
Until He doth smile on us.

Mercy! Mercy! Lord; for thence,—
With the scorn of arrogance,
The derision of the proud,—
Filled and choked, our souls are bowed.
Thronèd there in boundless space,
Unto Thee I lift my face.

CXXIV

HAD God not been upon our side,
Let Israel now say,—
Had God not been upon our side,
When men made such array;
Then had they swallowed us alive,
Their hate devoured us whole,
The waves whose torrents downward drive
Had overwhelmed our soul.

Now blest be God, Who did not fling
The prey into their teeth:
Our souls, like frightened birds, took wing
From those snares spread beneath.
Their trap is broke, the fowler's toils
We have escaped uncaught;
Praise to His Name, Who malice foils,
Who us and all things wrought!

CXXV

WHOSO trusts the Living One,
Like Zion's lofty sides,
Which may not be overthrown,
Forevermore abides.
As the mountains stand about
God's Jerusalem, so He
Standeth round His own,—their shout
To all eternity!

O'er the lot of godly men
False sceptre shall not sway,
Lest they falter, doubt God then,
From goodness turn away.
They who bend to crookedness
God will banish them to dwell
With iniquity: but bless
With peace His Israel!

CXXVI

WHEN God brought Zion's captives back,
We were like them that dream.
Our tongue no cry of joy did lack,
Our mouths with laughter stream.

Nations declarèd everyone,—
“Great things for them God had!”
Yea, great things for us Thou *hast* done
And therefore were we glad.

Return, O God, the captive years,
Let the south streams flow deep;
For they who sow in bitter tears
With ringing joy shall reap.

Who weeping fareth forth, in pain
The seed in furrow leaves,
With harvest shouts shall come again,
To bear the homeward sheaves.

CXXVII

IF God build not the house, thereat
Who toil have naught to gain.
If God keep not the town, they gat
Their watchmen but in vain.

Vain is it to rise early, late
Take rest, such bread-toil keep;
God doth on His beloved wait
And give them while they sleep.

Thy children also are God's gift,
Fruit of thy body's truth;
As dauntless hands bright arrows lift,
So are the sons of youth.

Who hath such quiver filled, that same
Great blessing doth await;
His speech shall not be put to shame
With enemies in the gate.

CXXVIII

BLESSED is everyone that feareth God,
That walketh in His all-disposing ways;
His labor filleth him and he doth plod
In quiet happiness thro' peaceful days.

Within thy house thy wife a lovely vine,
Children like olive-plants thy table round,—
Such blessedness, O man, be ever thine,
Such in Jehovah's fear may'st thou be found!

God out of Zion blesseth thee. Behold
Thou, thy life long, Jerusalem's increase,
Yea, see thy children's children in God's fold,
Forever supplicating Israel's peace.

CXXIX

GREATLY my youth have they obsessed,—
Let Israel say,—
Greatly from youth my soul distressed;
Yet not made way.

They drew their furrows on my back
And laid them long:
But God hath cut their harness slack,
To right the wrong.

The foes of Zion backward turn
In utter shame,
As grasses on the housetop burn
In the Sun flame,

Wherewith no reaper fills his hand,
Nor bindeth sheaves.
Let no by-passenger bless that band
Whom God bereaves!

CXXX

OUT of the depths call I upon Thee, O Lord!
Be Thine ear attentive! Embolden
And hear to my voice; for what help could afford,
Were my sins from Thy mercy withholden?

Forgiveness is Thine, that Thou mayest be feared ;
With hope in Thy word I my way take.
I wait for that dawn when Thyself hast appeared,
As watchmen keep vigil for daybreak.

O Israel, hope Thou in God ! for with Him
Is plenteous redemption and kindness.
His love all-restoring can nothing bedim,
Who turneth His people from blindness.

CXXXI

NOT haughty, nor with lofty eyes,
Not with great things too high for me,
Have I to do : my spirit lies
In quietude, my Lord, on Thee.

My soul is like a little child
That with his mother is content,
Whose hope in her is unbeguiled,
For all his wistful wonderment.

CXXXII

REMEMBER all that David bare,
O Thou Jehovah, he Thy son,—
How unto Thee in truth he sware
And vowed to Jacob's Holy One.

*“My tent I will not enter in,
Nor climb to rest upon my bed,
Until my sleepless eyes shall win
To find a house for God,”*—he said.

At Bethlehem we heard of it.
We found it in that wooded field.
Oh, let His dwelling-place admit
Us, worship at His shrine to yield !

Arise, O God, into Thy rest,
Thou and the ark of covenant.
Thy priests in righteousness be drest,
In joy Thy shouting people blent.

For David's sake turn not away
The face of Thy Messiah! Lack
No deed of what Thine oath did say,
Nor from that plighted troth turn back.

*"Thy race shall hold the throne; if they
Will keep My covenant divine.
Long time will I in Zion stay,—
That dear abode I chose for Mine.*

*This is My rest. Here will I dwell
Unendingly. My word is said.
In love I will provide her well
And satisfy her poor with bread.*

*Her priests shall be salvation-clad.
Far shall the shout of joy be borne
From all her gracious ones, there had,
By Me shall spring forth David's horn.*

*I have determined a clear flame
Of light for that Messiah's brow;
His enemies I robe with shame,
His crown with blossoming endow."*

CXXXIII

HOW goodly fair it is to see,
When brethren dwell in unity!
Like precious oil upon the head
That God on Aaron's face beshed,
Down to his garment's very hem,
As Hermon's dews on Zion shine;
So hath God blessed Jerusalem
With life eternal and divine.

CXXXIV

BLESS ye our God, ye servants all, who stand
By night about Jehovah's hallowed shrine!
Lift in that sanctuary every hand
To bless Jehovah. Ever thine and mine
God's blessing be! He out of Zion aid
Us all, Who once the Earth and Heaven made.

CXXXV

H ALLELU JAH! To that Name
Bring your anthems, ye who wait,
Ministering that altar flame,
In His temple's stainless gate.
Sing to God ; for He is good ;
Gracious be your melody ;
Jacob knows His fatherhood,
Israel in His treasury.

Great above all gods He stands.
What hath pleased Him He hath shown ;
Skies and earth and seas and lands,
Clouds and winds and storms, His own.
Egypt and fierce nations more,
Kings and kingdoms, merited
His rebuke ; He gave them o'er :
Israel inherited.

Thy Memorial Name shall last ;
Thou dost rule the peoples all.
Bestial idols down are cast,—
Foul idolaters shall fall.
Bless Him, house of Israel,
Aaron, Levi,—all who fear !
God doth with Jerusalem dwell,
Zion's God your praise will hear.

CXXXVI

O H give thanks to Jehovah, Immaculate One,
God of gods, Lord of lords, doing wonders,
Who hath builded the sky and the sea and the Sun
And the Moon and the stars and the thunders !
Out of plague-ridden Egypt His Israel brought,
By His arm the Red Sea did He sever,
Made His people pass thro', while their foes were distraught ;
FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

Thro the wilderness led, by that fire overhead,
So the clamoring war-lords were smitten,
Sihon, Og and the rest, went the way of the dead,
While their lands were for Israel written.
He beheld our estate, His outtaking was great,
He supplied us, deserting us never;
Oh, give thanks to the might of His heavenly right!
FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

CXXXVII

BY Babylon's mournful streams we sat,
For Zion longing, while the lute
Upon the willows hung thereat
And every plaintive harp was mute.

Our captors there tormented us,
Flaunted us, whipped our hearts with thongs
Of malice and derision,—thus,—
“*Sing one of Zion's pretty songs!*”

How could we sing a song for *them*!—
Jehovah's song in alien land?
If I forget Jerusalem,
Forget thy cunning, my right hand!

If I remember not, my tongue
Stick to my jaws! Jerusalem!
Ah, to see *thee*! With sorrow wrung,
I hail thee, my dear diadem!

God! forget not who sought her woe,
When Edom cried—“*Down with it! Down!*”
Thou, Babylonia, too, shalt know,
When God doth on thy ruins frown!

He comes, Who will requite thy sons
Those deeds so did our grieving mock,—
Haply will snatch *thy* little ones
To dash them on the jagged rock!

CXXXVIII

I WILL give thanks, my God, with my whole heart;
Only Divine! I make music to Thee,
Bow in Thy temple for all that Thou art,
Tender, omnipotent, faithful and free.

For Thou hast magnified Thy royal word
O'er all Thine attributes. In my great strife
Called I upon Thee; my crying was heard,
Thou didst embolden me, Strength of my Life!

Let all Earth's sovereignties herald Thy praise,
Hearing Thine utterance, heeding Thy might,
Tell Thee all-glorious, sing of Thy ways,
Help of the lowly, enfolded in light.

At a great distance Thou holdest the proud:
But Thou renewest my soul from distress;
So by mine enemies I am not bowed;
For Thy right hand shall save, nevertheless.

Godhead ineffable! meeting all need,
Immutability sealeth Thine aid.
Grant me, Jehovah, perpetual heed,
Never forsaking the life Thou hast made!

CXXXIX

THOU searchest, Lord, and knowest well
My seating and my rising, far
My thoughts discernest. Thou canst tell
My path and couch. All my ways are
Familiar unto Thee. Before
The word is yet upon my tongue,
Thou listenest. Thou at my door
Dost hear my song, tho yet unsung.

Thou dost support on every side
And lay Thine hand upon my head;
So is Thy knowledge magnified,
Beyond all thought transfigured.

Can I go from Thy Spirit? Where?
Whither from Thy sure presence flee?
I climb to Heaven: lo, THOU art there!
In Sheol's bed Thou art with me!

Or let me lift the wings of dawn,
Alighting far west of the sea,
There shall Thy hand not be withdrawn,
That right hand intercepting me.
Or would I say—“*Let darkness hide
And morn about me be as night:*”
‘T were not too dark for Thee, my Guide,
Who art the all-pervading light.

Thou didst mine inmost life create
And weave me when as yet unborn;
How wonderful is mine estate;
What marvelling thanks Thy name adorn!
Right well I wot that mystery;
From Thee my framing was not hid,
When I was wrought in secrecy
By all Thy curious crafthood did.

My yet imperfect substance Thou
Didst see and, noting one by one,
Didst shape the days that follow now,
When of them there as yet was none.
How precious are Thy thoughts to me!
How vast a sum, O God, they make;
Fewer the sands by southing sea!
I'm still with Thee, asleep, awake.

Surely will God their feud arraign,
Who flatter their enfevered hearts,
With byname daring Him in vain,
Devising their inhuman arts.
Oh, sullen hate-surf! Malison
Be duly theirs! But search Thou me,
Show where I any wrong have done
And lead me everlastinglly.

CXL

QUIT me, my God, of that affronting man !
From their exasperations save Thou me,
Who such revolting quirks of mischief plan,
And stir up bickering incessantly.

Sharp as an adder's are their morbid fangs ;
Jehovah, bid their perfidy—Get hence !
Bind me not over to those lethal pangs,
Nor lose me in that lurking virulence.

For my feet austere villainy hid snares,
Along life's wayside set its traps and nets :
But, O Jehovah, listen to my prayers,
Show Thy thro-going love which ne'er forgets !

My helmet in the day of battle, THOU !
Grant not, O God, their sinister desire,
Be their portentous brunt unfurthered now,
Do down these shards that for my wreck conspire.

Let their lips undermine them to their shame,
Upon their brows bescatter burning coals,
Into abysmal depths of poignant flame,
Whence they shall rise no more, assign their souls !

Slander shall fail and woe that wolfish man
Hunt headlong to His fall, and God will plead
The victims' cause ; who to Jehovah ran
Shall dwell with Him, to bless His Name indeed.

CXLI

HASTE to me, Jehovah ; my soul calleth loud !
Attend while my cry to Thee rises ;
My prayer comes before Thee a sweet censer-cloud,
My vesper hands lift sacrifices.

Set watch, O my God, on the door of my lips ;
My heart to no evil inclining,
Unbusied with him who to wickedness slips,
Is for naught of his dainties repining.

The good man may smite and reprove me ; 't is well ;
My head shall not shrink from that censure :
Yet on evil's calamity ever I dwell,
Therewithal in a prayer for them venture.

Their princes, when flung on the sides of the stones,
Shall gratefully hear of my yearning :
But at Sheol's black jaws are bescattered *our* bones,
As the clods by the plowshare's upturning !

Mine eyes to my Refuge ! Oh, split not my soul !
From cheats which deceivers forelaid me,
While they catch themselves, Oh, deliver me whole !
So, Jehovah, my God, do Thou aid me.

CXLII

WITH my clamant supplication,
God, I draw nigh !
Thou dost hear my lamentation
And bitter cry.
When my spirit swooned within me,
Thou didst know my path, to win me
From the stealth concealed to pin me
When I went by.

Right and left I look : the foeman
Heeds not my dole.
Refuge faileth me and no man
Cares for my soul !
Thou, my Portion, hear my wailing !
In the land of life availing,
Do on now Thy might unfailing
And make me whole !

Interrupt this woe ! Arisen,
Snatch me from wrong !
Bring my soul from out her prison ;
Foes are too strong.

Then shall couthie men surround me,
When Thy clemency hath found me.
Since Thy potent hand unbound me,
Be Thou my song!

CXLIII

SPURN me not, Jehovah!
Squander not my plea;
So Thy faithful answer
Doeth righteously.
Summon not Thy servant
Into judgement drear;—
Unaccused before Thee
No one standeth clear.

Grisly wrong pursues me,
Down my life to tread.
Lo! I dwell in darkness,
Like the far-off dead:
Tho my heart misliketh
And my soul is sore,
Still my memory ponders
All Thy deeds of yore.

Hands outreaching toward Thee,
As a parching waste,
My soul thirsteth for Thee!
O my God, make haste!
From my fainting being
Cover not Thy face,
Lest death's ghastly prison
All my joys erase!

In the morning forelight
Let Thy love awake;
For I trust Thee. Show me
Where my way to take.

Unto Thee uplifted,
There my soul doth hide;
Save from them that harry
Me on every side!

Thou art my God; teach me
So to do Thy will,
Thy good Spirit guiding,
That I meet no ill.
Be they transitory
Who would plunder me,
Unbetrayed forever
May Thy servant be.

CXLIV

VICTORY! God, my Rock,
Traineth my hands to war,—
My fingers for the battle shock.
My Fortress and my Door,
My Saviour and my Tower,
My loving Shield is He,
My Refuge! His subduing power
Bends many unto Me.

What is a mortal man?
His days are one scant breath.
How canst Thou count him in Thy plan,—
Shadow that vanisheth?

God, bow the skies and speak
And make the mountains smoke,
Fling crooked flame-bolts, on them wreak
Thine arrows,—routed, broke!

Thy hand put forth, to clutch
Me from these floods flown high,
Out of the hold of aliens, such
As speak and speed a lie.

New be the song I sing,
With harp and voice in chord
To Thee. Elohim saves the King,
His David, from the sword.

Untwist me, O my God,
From these outlandish bands!
Whose mouth is ever swollen fraud
And treachery in their hands.

Let our sons be as trees,
In stately youth and tall;
Our maidens—caryatides
That grace a palace wall.

With store of kind on kind
Our garners full, our flocks
Bear myriads, and fruitage bind
The heavy-laden ox,

No breachèd wall, no raid,
No battle-cry abroad;—
Happy that people so upstayed,
Who know their treated God!

CXLV

I WILL extol my God and King
And bless Thy name. Be never
One day but I mine offering bring
And in Thy praise endeavor.
Unsearchable Thy worth and fair
Those mighty acts Time shall declare
Forever and forever.

How radiant is Thy majesty,—
What wonder and what reason!
Thine august memory shall be
Man's song at every season.
He shall recount Thy grace and love,
Unintermitting, far above
All waywardness and treason.

Jehovah, Thou art good to all
In gentlings wide and tender.
They whom Thou lovest on Thee call
In absolute surrender.
They tell the beauty of Thy reign,—
Whose might doth all that lives sustain,—
And hail Thy lasting splendor.

The bowed and fallen Thou dost lift,
With hope their eyes behold Thee.
Their necessary food Thy gift,
Thy ways with grace enfold Thee.
Thy palm, wide-open, satisfies
Each thing that lives. Their humble cries
Their every need have told Thee.

Fulfilling all their heart's desire
Who bespeak Thy preserving,
Love, love, is all Thou dost require,
Ungodly plans unnerving.
Aye let my mouth my God proclaim
And all flesh bless Thy goodly Name,
Held fast in faith unswerving.

CXLVI

ADORE Jehovah, O my soul!
So long as life shall last.
My melodies to Him outroll,
Till Time is overpast.
I trust not princelings, who misgo,
Nor seek man's poor avail;
One stifled sob,— they turn below
And their devices fail.

But blest is he whose help Thou art,
Whose hope abides in God,
Who hath the heavens and Earth at heart,
Who smoothed the seas abroad.

All life is His, the truth He saith,
Just to the frail is He,
Bread to the hungered ministereth,
Declares the bondman free.

He openeth the blinded eyes,
He raiseth up the bowed.
The orphan, widow, stranger, cries,—
His good love is avowed.
The rune of wrong He turneth down ;
His certain sovereignty,
O Zion, hail ! Jehovah crown
With age-long psalmody.

CXLVII

LET gathered Israel pour abroad
The harmonies that hymn her God ;
It well besemeth them.
'T is sweet and hale that naught should lack
To Him Who brings the outcasts back
And builds Jerusalem.

Who names the flocks of stars, can heal
The broken-hearted, power unseal
To bind their every wound.
His understanding infinite
Helps up the stricken, but will quit
The tyrant to the ground.

Strike up, ye harps ! Make music loud
To Him Who steers the thunder cloud
And makes the rains to fall,
Bids sweet soft grass for cattle food
And even to the raven's brood
He giveth when they call.

Not strength of horse or man doth God
Delight in : but in one who trod
In truth and looked to Him.
Jehovah, O Jerusalem,—
Thy God, O Zion,—praise ! — thy Gem,
Whose lustre cannot dim.

Fast hath He set thy gates and bars
And freed thy borders of their wars,
He blesseth all thy sons.
Full-headed do thy wheat-fields stand,
Earth answereth His ripe command,
His word right swiftly runs.

The snow, like wool, makes white the world,
Hoarfrost, like ashes, forth is hurled,
Ice-laden winds do blow:
His ward unbinds the wintry chain,
The breath of life goes forth again
And all the waters flow.

To Jacob He hath shown His word,
His proclamation Israel heard
And saw His holy ways.
With none beside hath He dealt so,
None else such ordinance doth know;
THEREFORE JEHOVAH PRAISE!

CXLVIII

H ALLELU JAH! Loud evangel
Sound Him in the heavenly height!
Praise Him, all ye hosts of angels!
Praise Him, all ye worlds of light!
All that spatial habitation,
Where the cistern-clouds go free;—
He enacted their creation,
Established them by His decree.

Earth below those tones are thrilling,
Deep sea-monsters keep the tryst,
Whining winds, His word fulfilling,
Fire and hail and snow and mist.
All ye mountain-ranges, valleys,
Fruitful trees and cedars high,
All ye herds and flocks, your tallies,
Creeping things and birds that fly,

Kings of Time and all dominions,
Princes, judges, praise His truth !
Let your hymns outspread their pinions,
Old men, children, maiden, youth !
God of glory, high envaulted,
Near to Thee our hearts aspire ;
Thou hast Thy beloved exalted ;
Israel's praise shall lead the choir.

CXLIX

ALL hail, Jehovah ! To that Name
A burst of song your joy acclaim !
He made thee PRINCE OF GOD,—thy King ;
With His shout let the assemblies ring !

Let harp-notes, timbrel, choral dance,
Deal forth your joy, His praise entrance ;
Him shall your importunities,
Who beautifies the meek, well please.

O ye beloved, lift your heads,
And manly sing upon your beds !
Who hymn God's might, with large accord,
Have in their hands a two-edged sword.

He is their final argument,
To punish truthless nations bent,
To chain their babbling kings withal,—
Their nobles fetter to the wall,

To execute that wrath decreed
On them forsworn, who made Earth bleed
And God insulted. Be it shown !
He honoreth His saints alone.

CL

TO JEHOVAH in the height, Hallelu JAH!
Sanctuaried by the light, Hallelu JAH!
Praise ye in the firmaments, Hallelu JAH!
His unspent omnipotence. Hallelu JAH!

Whose abundance all exceeds; Hallelu JAH!
Praise Him for His wondrous deeds, Hallelu JAH!
With the blast of trumpet sharp, Hallelu JAH!
Tuba, timbrel, lute and harp, Hallelu JAH!
Strings and pipe and clarion high, Hallelu JAH!
Cymbals keen and loud, reply, Hallelu JAH!
Praise by all that breathes be done, Hallelu JAH!
Sky and Earth in antiphon. Hallelu JAH!



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